MARVEL
8th Feb '86
No 47 30p
THE TRANSFORMERS
HEROIC AUTOBOT
THE DINOBOT HUNT IS ON!

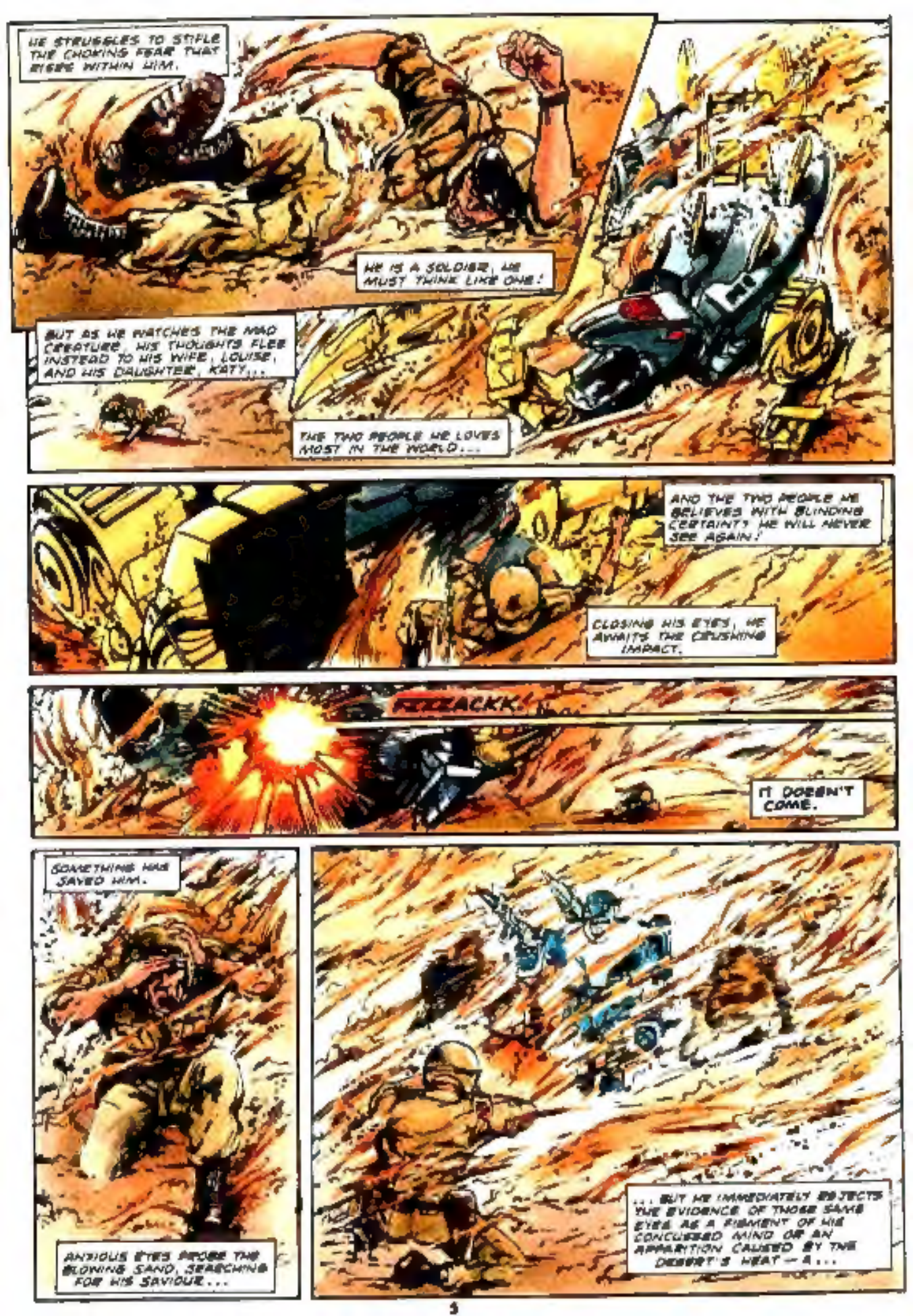
TRANSFORMERS

THE PLACE — SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA'S BLACK ROCK DESERT. THE TIME — NOW.
UNIT TWO, REPORT PLEASE. ANY SIGN OF THAT POWER SOURCE WE TRACKED TO YOUR QUADRANT? OVER...

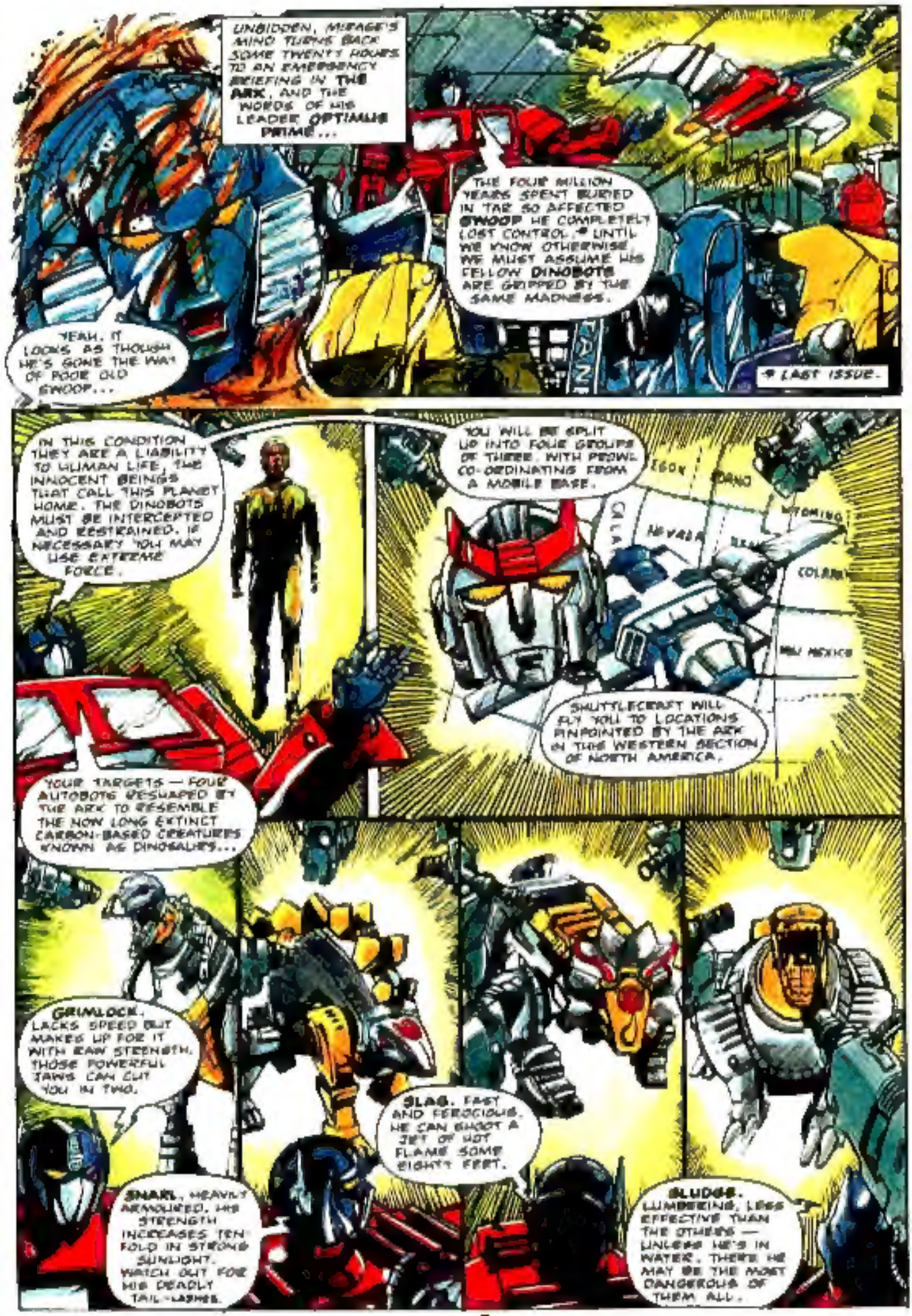
WHAT IS IT, UNIT TWO? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
NOT SURE. VISIBILITY'S DOWN TO SEVENTY METERS NOW. WHAT WE SEEM TO HAVE IS SOME SORT OF STRUCTURE... TWO MAIN PROJECTIONS, POSSIBLY MORE.
MOVING IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK...

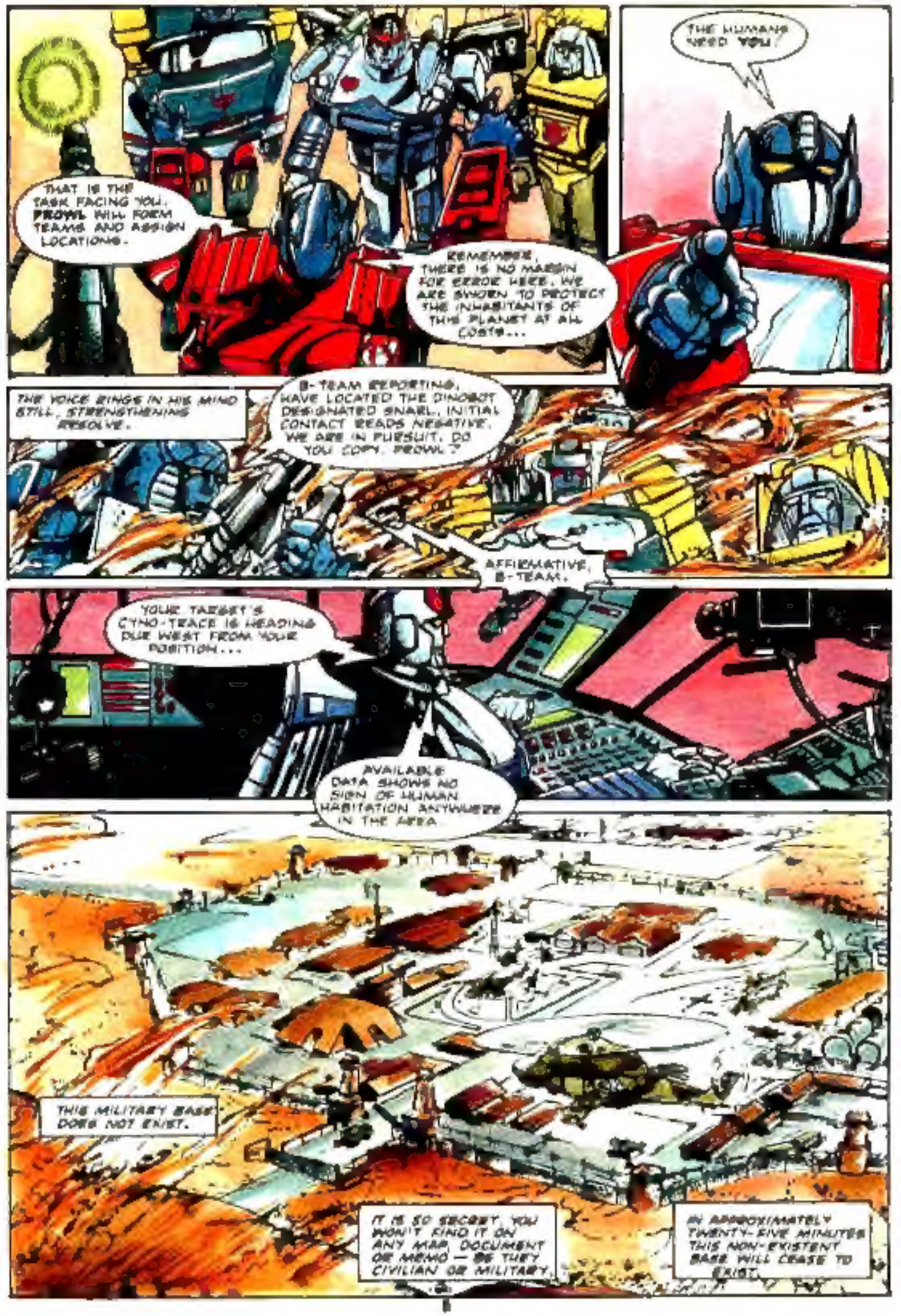
"MAKE IT SNAPPY, UNIT TWO. MET BOYS ARE PREDICTING A FORCE ELEVEN STORM OUT THERE."
ON CLOSER INSPECTION THE STRUCTURES APPEAR TO BE SOLAR ENERGY COLLECTORS OF A HIGH ORDER AND SOPHISTICATION. THERE ARE NO VISIBLE ACCESS PLATES.
WE ARE ATTEMPTING A FORCED ENTRY.

SHNAAAR!
RAAAAH!
DINOBOT HUNT!
PART ONE
SCRIPT: SIMON FURMAN
ART: WILL SIMPSON
COLOURS: STUART PLACE
LETTERS: ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR: IAN RIMMER


HE STRUGGLES TO STIFLE THE CHOKING FEAR THAT RISES WITHIN HIM.
HE IS A SOLDIER, HE MUST THINK LIKE ONE!
BUT AS HE WATCHES THE MAD CREATURE, HIS THOUGHTS FLEE INSTEAD TO HIS WIFE, LOUISE, AND HIS DAUGHTER, KATY...
THE TWO PEOPLE HE LOVES MOST IN THE WORLD...
AND THE TWO PEOPLE HE BELIEVES WITH BLINDING CERTAINTY HE WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN!
CLOSING HIS EYES, HE AWAITS THE CRUSHING IMPACT.
KERRACKK!
IT DOESN'T COME.
SOMETHING HAS SAVED HIM.
ANXIOUS EYES PROBE THE BLOWING SAND, SEARCHING FOR HIS SAVIOUR...
... BUT HE IMMEDIATELY REJECTS THE EVIDENCE OF THOSE SAME EYES AS A FIGMENT OF HIS CONCUSSED MIND OR AN APPARITION CAUSED BY THE DESERT'S HEAT — A...

MIRAGE!
WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU GET HIM?
I DON'T KNOW GRAWN. I CERTAINLY HIT HIM, BUT I CAN'T SEE WHERE HE WENT. THIS ANNOYING GRANULAR SUBSTANCE INHIBITS MY OPTICAL RECEPTORS.
YOU AND TRAILBREAKER FAN OUT LEFT AND RIGHT. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN PEN HIM IN.
HE WATCHES AS THEY MOVE CLOSER.
HE IS WOUNDED. HURT. INSTINCT TELLS HIM THESE BEINGS ARE HIS ENEMY.
HE WON'T LET THEM HURT HIM AGAIN!
LET! GRAWN! TRAILBREAKER! I THINK I'VE FOUND...
MHOOOF!
KRULUNG!
MIRAGE — YOU OKAY?
UHHH... YEAH... LEASTWAYS I THINK SO.
IT LOOKS AS IF PRIME WAS RIGHT. THAT WAS SNARL, OFF AT THE DEEP END AND NO MISTAKE.


UNBIDDEN, MIRAGE'S MIND TURNS BACK SOME TWENTY HOURS TO AN EMERGENCY BRIEFING IN THE ARK, AND THE WORDS OF HIS LEADER OPTIMUS PRIME...
THE FOUR MILLION YEARS SPENT BURIED IN TAR SO AFFECTED SWOOP HE COMPLETELY LOST CONTROL.* UNTIL WE KNOW OTHERWISE WE MUST ASSUME HIS FELLOW DINOBOTS ARE GRIPPED BY THE SAME MADNESS.
YEAH. IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S GONE THE WAY OF POOR OLD SWOOP...
* LAST ISSUE.
IN THIS CONDITION THEY ARE A LIABILITY TO HUMAN LIFE, THE INNOCENT BEINGS THAT CALL THIS PLANET HOME. THE DINOBOTS MUST BE INTERCEPTED AND RESTRAINED. IF NECESSARY YOU MAY USE EXTREME FORCE.
YOU WILL BE SPLIT UP INTO FOUR GROUPS OF THREE, WITH PROWL CO-ORDINATING FROM A MOBILE BASE.
SHUTTLECRAFT WILL FLY YOU TO LOCATIONS PINPOINTED BY THE ARK IN THE WESTERN SECTION OF NORTH AMERICA.
YOUR TARGETS — FOUR AUTOBOTS DISGUISED BY THE ARK TO RESEMBLE THE NOW LONG EXTINCT CARBON-BASED CREATURES KNOWN AS DINOSAURS...
GRIMLOCK. LACKS SPEED BUT MAKES UP FOR IT WITH RAW STRENGTH. THOSE POWERFUL JAWS CAN CUT YOU IN TWO.
SLAG. FAST AND FEROCIOUS. HE CAN SHOOT A JET OF HOT FLAME SOME EIGHTY FEET.
SNARL, HEAVILY ARMOURED. HIS STRENGTH INCREASES TEN FOLD IN STRONG SUNLIGHT. WATCH OUT FOR HIS DEADLY TAIL-LASHES.
SLUDGE. LUMBERING, LESS EFFECTIVE THAN THE OTHERS — UNLESS HE'S IN WATER. THERE HE MAY BE THE MOST DANGEROUS OF THEM ALL.


THAT IS THE TASK FACING YOU, PROWL. WHO YOU FORM TEAMS AND ASSIGN LOCATIONS.
REMEMBER, THERE IS NO MARGIN FOR ERROR HERE. WE ARE SWORN TO PROTECT THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET AT ALL COSTS...
THE HUMANS NEED YOU!
THE VOICE RINGS IN HIS MIND STILL, STRENGTHENING RESOLVE.
B-TEAM REPORTING. WE HAVE LOCATED THE DINOBOT DESIGNATED SNARL. INITIAL CONTACT READS NEGATIVE. WE ARE IN PURSUIT. DO YOU COPY, PROWL?
AFFIRMATIVE, B-TEAM.
YOUR TARGET'S CYNO-TRACE IS HEADING DUE WEST FROM YOUR POSITION...
AVAILABLE DATA SHOWS NO SIGN OF HUMAN HABITATION ANYWHERE IN THE AREA.
THIS MILITARY BASE DOES NOT EXIST.
IT IS SO SECRET, YOU WON'T FIND IT ON ANY MAP, DOCUMENT OR MEMO — BE THEY CIVILIAN OR MILITARY.
IN APPROXIMATELY TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES THIS NON-EXISTENT BASE WILL CEASE TO EXIST.

OOOWAH-OOOWAH-OOOWAH-OOO
HE LISTENS AS THE ALARM HOWLS ITS DISCORDANT MELODY.
IT IS MUSIC TO HIS EARS, A SOUND HE HAS WAITED TEN LONG, LONG MONTHS TO HEAR.
IT MEANS HIS BASE IS UNDER ATTACK. GENERAL CARL THOMPSON IS HAPPY.
GENERAL THOMPSON, PLEASE RESPOND — THIS IS A CODE RED EMERGENCY!
HE DID NOT WANT THIS COMMAND, HE DOES NOT AGREE WITH THE NEED FOR YET ANOTHER BOMB, MORE POWERFUL THAN THE LAST. HE WONDERS WHERE IT WILL ALL END.
WAH-OOOWAH-OOOWAH-OOOWAH-
BUT HE IS A SOLDIER, AND SOLDIERS OBEY ORDERS.
THOMPSON HERE. REPORT.
ORDER 23: STATES THAT IN THE EVENT OF ENEMY ACTION HE MUST FIRST ASSESS THE DANGER TO THE PROJECT.
"WE'RE UNDER ATTACK, SIR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS THING, BUT... WELL, TAKE A LOOK. SWITCHING TO VISUAL...
THE GENERAL SMILES AS THE IMAGE FILLS HIS SCREEN...
INSTINCTIVELY HE KNOWS THAT NOTHING SHORT OF A NUCLEAR STRIKE WILL STOP THIS CREATURE.
NEVERTHELESS, ORDER 23: STRESSES THAT HE MUST USE ALL AVAILABLE FORCE — SHORT OF NUCLEAR WEAPONRY — TO ENSURE BASE SECURITY.

ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO LEVEL A SMALL TOWN IS UNLEASHED.
FOUR MILLION VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY ARE CHANNELLED THROUGH THE PERIMETER FENCE.
FIVE UNITS OF HEAVILY ARMED MILITARY PERSONNEL ARE DRAFTED IN FOR THE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE.
AND STILL SNAKE KEEPS COMING!
GENERAL CARL THOMPSON HAS WAITED TEN LONG, LONG MONTHS TO BE ABLE TO FOLLOW ORDER 231 TO THE LETTER...
ALL PERSONNEL — ABANDON BASE. REPEAT, ABANDON...
ORDER 231 GOES ON TO STATE THAT SHOULD DEFENSES PROVE INADEQUATE AND BASE SECURITY IS HOPELESSLY BREACHED, THE COMMANDER MUST ENSURE THAT NONE OF ITS SECRETS FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS.

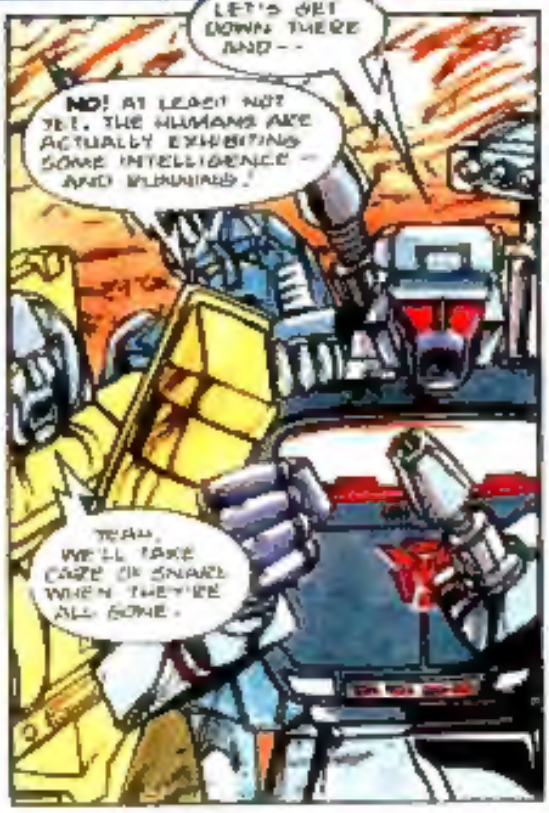
...BASE. RENDEZVOUS POINT IS CHARLIE-DELTA TWO AT FOURTEEN HUNDRED HOURS...

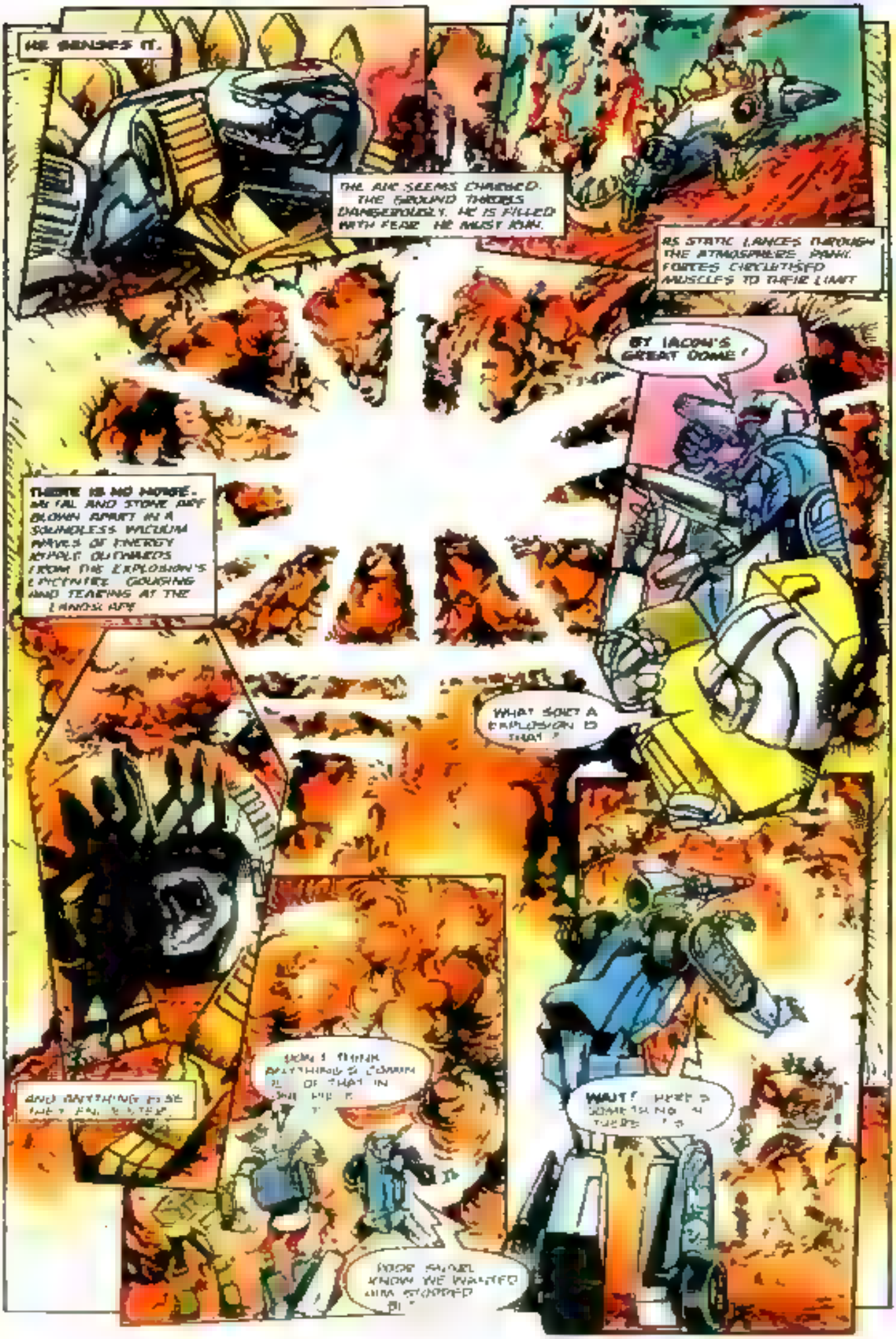
HE KNOWS THE ACCESS CODES BY HEART. THE WORD AND NUMBER SEQUENCES THAT WILL TRIGGER THE COUNTDOWN TO DETONATION ARE AS FAMILIAR AS HIS OWN NAME.
HE HAS REHEARSED THIS SCENE A THOUSAND TIMES IN HIS MIND.

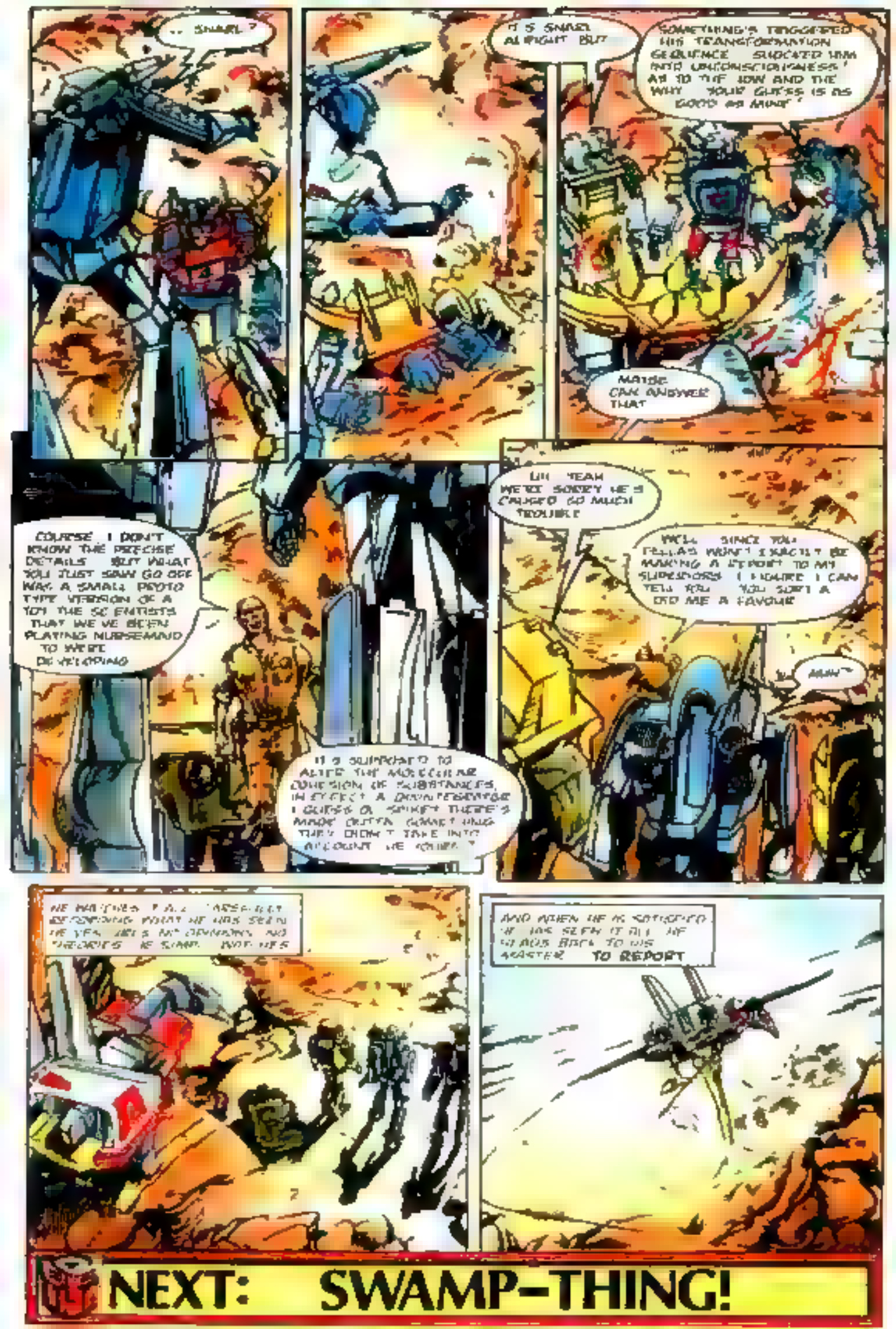
GENERAL EARL THOMPSON LOOKS FORWARD HAPPILY TO HIS NEW COMMAND.

...WE SHOULD BE RIGHT ON TOP--
AHHH NO... THERE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY HUMANS HERE!

LOOK AT SNARL GO! LIE'S TEARING THE PLACE APART!
THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HIM...

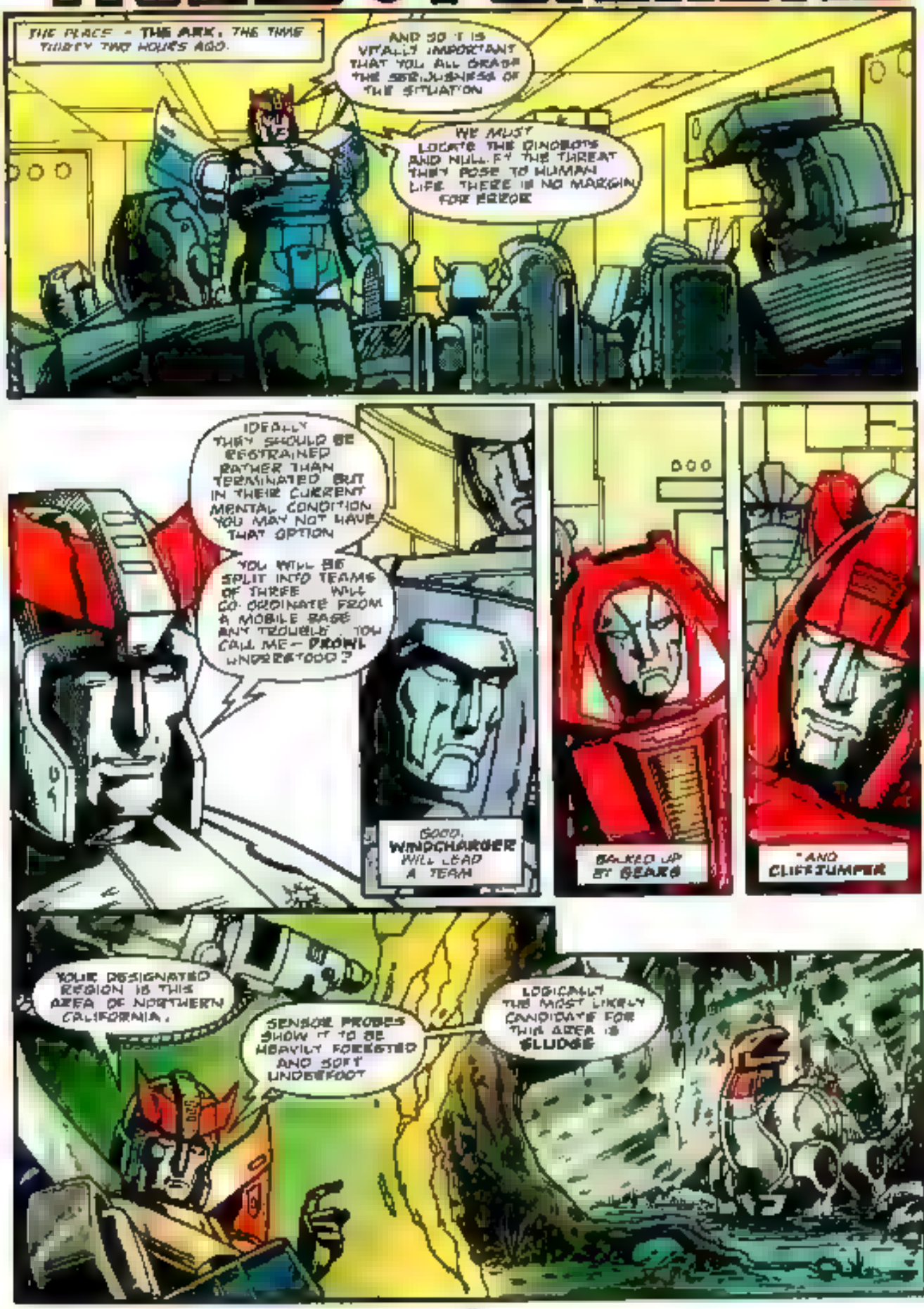

LET'S GET DOWN THERE AND--
NO! AT LEAST NOT YET. THE HUMANS ARE ACTUALLY EXHIBITING SOME INTELLIGENCE -- AND RUNNING!
YEAH. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF SNARL WHEN THEY'RE ALL GONE.


HE SENSES IT.
THE AIR SEEMS CHARGED. THE GROUND THROBS DANGEROUSLY. HE IS FILLED WITH FEAR. HE MUST RUN.
AS STATIC LANCES THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE, PANIC FORCES CHOLESTISED MUSCLES TO THEIR LIMIT
BY IACON'S GREAT DOME!
THERE IS NO NOISE. METAL AND STONE ARE BLOWN APART IN A SOUNDLESS VACUUM. WAVES OF ENERGY ALMOST OUTWARDS FROM THE EXPLOSION'S EPICENTRE, GOUGING AND TEARING AT THE LANDSCAPE
WHAT SORT A EXPLOSION IS THAT?
WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE!
POOR RACHEL. KNOW WE WANTED HIM STOPPED.


... SNARL?
IT'S SNARL ALRIGHT BUT
SOMETHING'S TRIGGERED HIS TRANSFORMATION SEQUENCE SUBJECTED HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS TO THE HOW AND THE WHY YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE
MAYBE CAN ANSWER THAT
COURSE I DON'T KNOW THE PRECISE DETAILS BUT WHAT YOU JUST SAW GO OFF WAS A SMALL PROTO TYPE VERSION OF A TOY THE SCIENTISTS THAT WE'VE BEEN PLAYING NURSEMAID TO WERE DEVELOPING
IT'S SUPPOSED TO ALTER THE MOLECULAR COHESION OF SUBSTANCES, IN EFFECT A DISINTEGRATOR I GUESS OR SPIKE'S THERE'S MADE BETTER GUNS THAT DON'T TAKE INTO ACCOUNT WE COULD...
UH YEAH WE'RE SORRY WE'D CAUSED SO MUCH TROUBLE
WELL SINCE YOU FELLAS WON'T EXACTLY BE MAKING A REPORT TO MY SUPERIORS I FIGURE I CAN TELL YOU YOU SORT A DID ME A FAVOUR
AWW
HE WATCHES FOR A WHILE BEFORE DOING WHAT HE HAS SEEN HE YES HE'S NO DOUBTS NO REGRETS HE SIMPLY DOES
AND WHEN HE IS SATISFIED HE HAS SEEN IT ALL HE GOES BACK TO HIS MASTER TO REPORT
NEXT: SWAMP-THING!

MARVEL
15th Feb '86
№48 30p
THE TRANSFORMERS
HEROIC AUTOBOT
TO SLAY THE SWAMP THING!

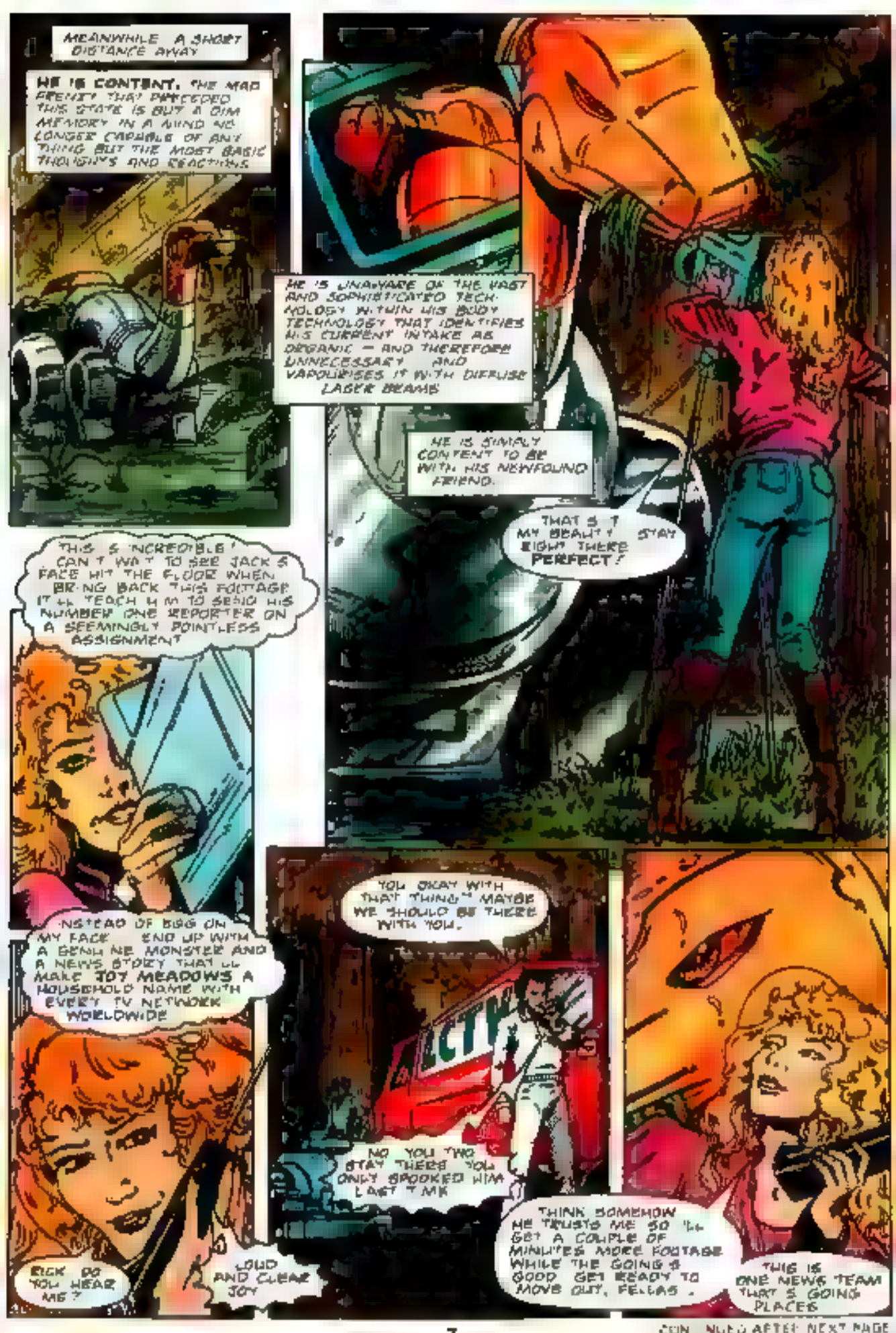
THE TRANSFORMERS


THE PLACE - THE ARK. THE TIME THIRTY TWO HOURS AGO.
AND SO IT IS VITALLY IMPORTANT THAT YOU ALL GRASP THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION
WE MUST LOCATE THE DINOBOTS AND NULLIFY THE THREAT THEY POSE TO HUMAN LIFE. THERE IS NO MARGIN FOR ERROR
IDEALLY THEY SHOULD BE RESTRAINED RATHER THAN TERMINATED BUT IN THEIR CURRENT MENTAL CONDITION YOU MAY NOT HAVE THAT OPTION
YOU WILL BE SPLIT INTO TEAMS OF THREE. WILL CO-ORDINATE FROM A MOBILE BASE. ANY TROUBLE - YOU CALL ME - PRIME. UNDERSTOOD?
GOOD. WINDCHARGER WILL LEAD A TEAM
BACKED UP BY GEARS
"AND CLIFFJUMPER
YOUR DESIGNATED REGION IS THIS AREA OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.
SENSOR PROBES SHOW IT TO BE HEAVILY FORESTED AND SOFT UNDERFOOT
LOGICALLY THE MOST LIKELY CANDIDATE FOR THIS AREA IS SLUDGE

THE PLACE — LITTLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA; A VAST INLAND WATERWAY THE TIME — NOW.
SO THERE I AM, MINDIN MA OWN BUSINESS ..
WITH ITS PICTURESQUE STREAMS AND RIVERS AND MAJESTIC REDWOODS, IT IS A LOCALE THAT FINDS FAVOUR WITH SETTLER AND TOURIST ALIKE
AN THIS HUGE WELL MONSTER , REARS UP OUTTA THE WATER !
TODAY HOWEVER LITTLEWOOD PLAYS HOST TO VISITORS UNLIKE ANY SEEN BEFORE !
I THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA CHEW ME UP AND SPIT ME OUT THERE AND THEN
WEREN'T WORTH THE EFFORT IS WHAT FIGURE CAUSE IT JUST ABOUT TURNED AND TELOOED OFF TOWARDS
TOWARDS
DON'T STOP THERE, HUMAN
THAT WAS JUST BEGINNING TO GET INTERESTING
CONTINUE!
TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW OF THE DINOBOT!
E--E..
EUUUUN!
PREDICTABLE THE IGNORANT CREATURES FLEE
EDUCATE THEM!

THRBOOOM!
REPEAT - WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE CREATURE YOU SAW?
WHERE IS THE DINOBOT?!
THEY LEAVE EVENTUALLY THE INFORMATION IS THERE'S
THEY WERE NOT GENTLE
THIS IS HOPELESS!
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR HOURS! THERE'S NOT BEEN A SIGN OF SLUDGE... OR ANY OTHER DINOBOT FOR THAT MATTER!
DINOBOT HUNT!
SCRIPT: SIMON FURMAN
PENCILS: BARRY KITSON
INKS: MARC GRIFFITHS
COLOURS: JEFF ANDERSON
LETTERS: ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR: IAN RIMMER

I'M TIRED, FED UP, ANGRY AND...
AND I THINK I'M STARTING TO REGRET IT
QUIT MOANING BEAKO WE'RE NOT HERE BY CHOICE... WE'VE A JOB TO DO.
CLIFFJUMPER'S RIGHT WE KEEP SEARCHING UNTIL WE DO FIND SOMETHING
OHH VERY WELL LET'S GET A MOVE ON THEN
WATCH HOW YOU GO THIS TERRAIN IS -
UNPREDICTABLE
AAARR
HEY! I'M BEING DRAGGED UNDER HELP ME!
CAN'T REACH HIM WINDCHARGER— WHAT ARE WE GONNA' DO?!
STAND ASIDE
I'LL JUST USE MY MAGNETIC POWERS TO PULL HIM
OWWW!
KLUNG
MMMMM
ONE WORD CLIFFJUMPER? ONE WORD!


MEANWHILE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY
HE IS CONTENT. THE MAD FRENZY THAT PRECEDED THIS STATE IS BUT A DIM MEMORY IN A MIND NO LONGER CAPABLE OF ANY THING BUT THE MOST BASIC THOUGHTS AND REACTIONS
HE IS UNAWARE OF THE VAST AND SOPHISTICATED TECHNOLOGY WITHIN HIS BODY TECHNOLOGY THAT IDENTIFIES HIS CURRENT INTAKE AS ORGANIC — AND THEREFORE UNNECESSARY AND VAPORIZES IT WITH DIFFUSE LASER BEAMS
HE IS SIMPLY CONTENT TO BE WITH HIS NEWFOUND FRIEND.
THAT'S IT MY BEAUTY! STAY RIGHT THERE PERFECT!
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! CAN'T WAIT TO SEE JACK'S FACE HIT THE FLOOR WHEN I BRING BACK THIS FOOTAGE IT'LL TEACH HIM TO SEND HIS NUMBER ONE REPORTER ON A SEEMINGLY POINTLESS ASSIGNMENT
INSTEAD OF EGG ON MY FACE I END UP WITH A GENUINE MONSTER AND A NEWS STORY THAT'LL MAKE JOY MEADOWS A HOUSEHOLD NAME WITH EVERY TV NETWORK WORLDWIDE
YOU OKAY WITH THAT THING? MAYBE WE SHOULD BE THERE WITH YOU.
NO YOU TWO STAY THERE YOU ONLY SPOOKED HIM LAST TIME
THINK SOMEHOW HE TRUSTS ME SO I'LL GET A COUPLE OF MINUTES MORE FOOTAGE WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD GET READY TO MOVE OUT, FELLAS.
THIS IS ONE NEWS TEAM THAT'S GOING PLACES
RICK DO YOU HEAR ME?
LOUD AND CLEAR JOY

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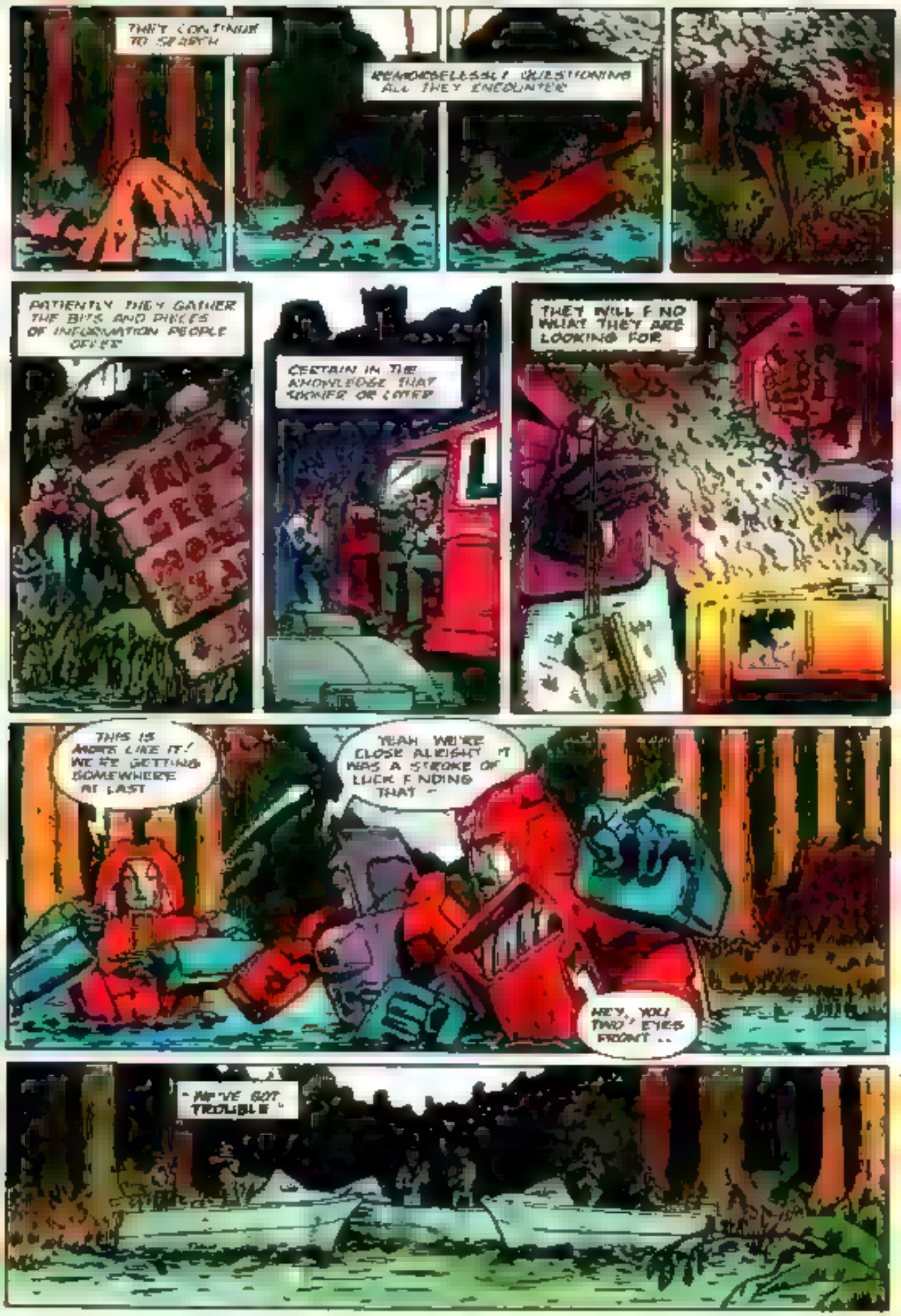
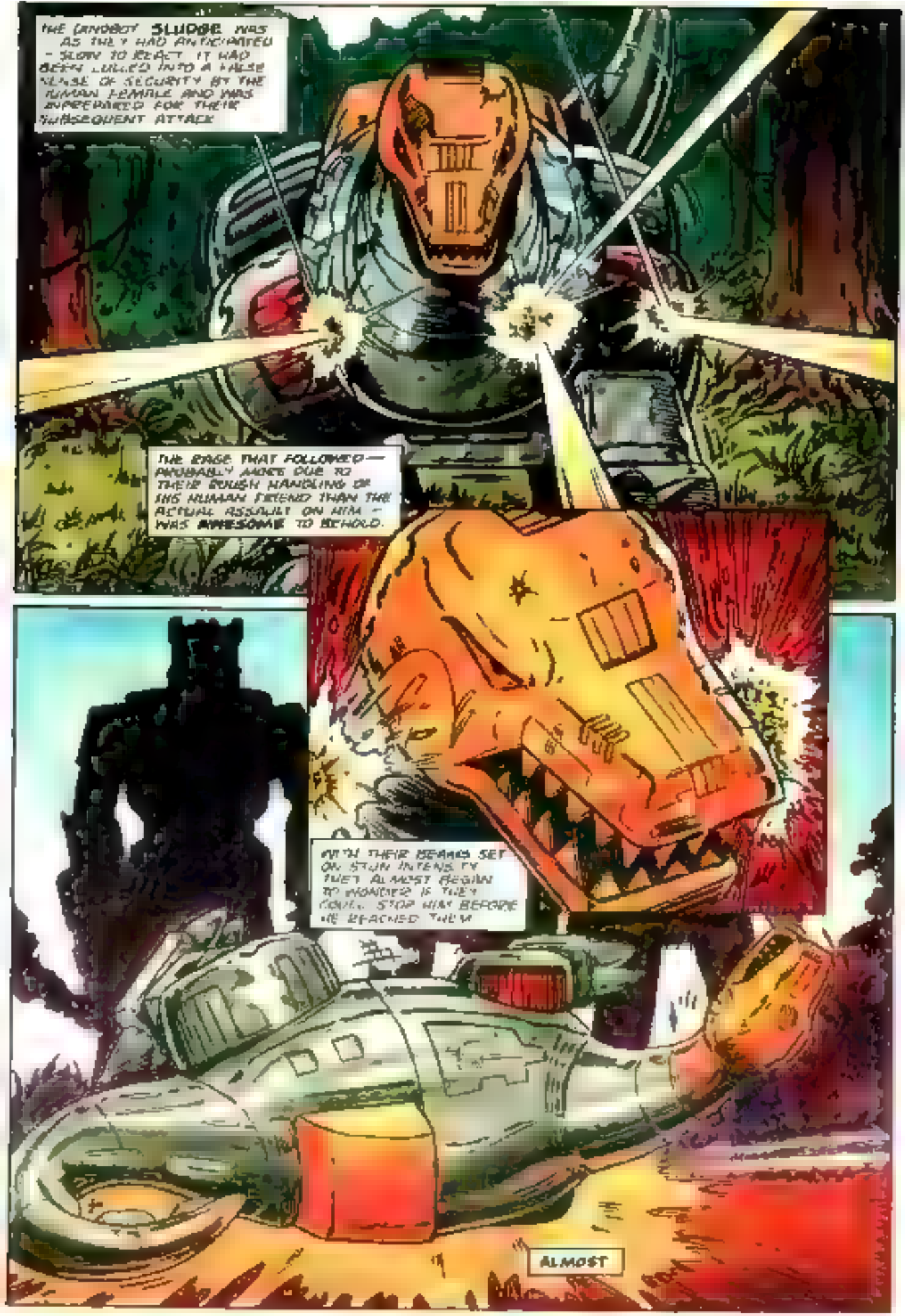
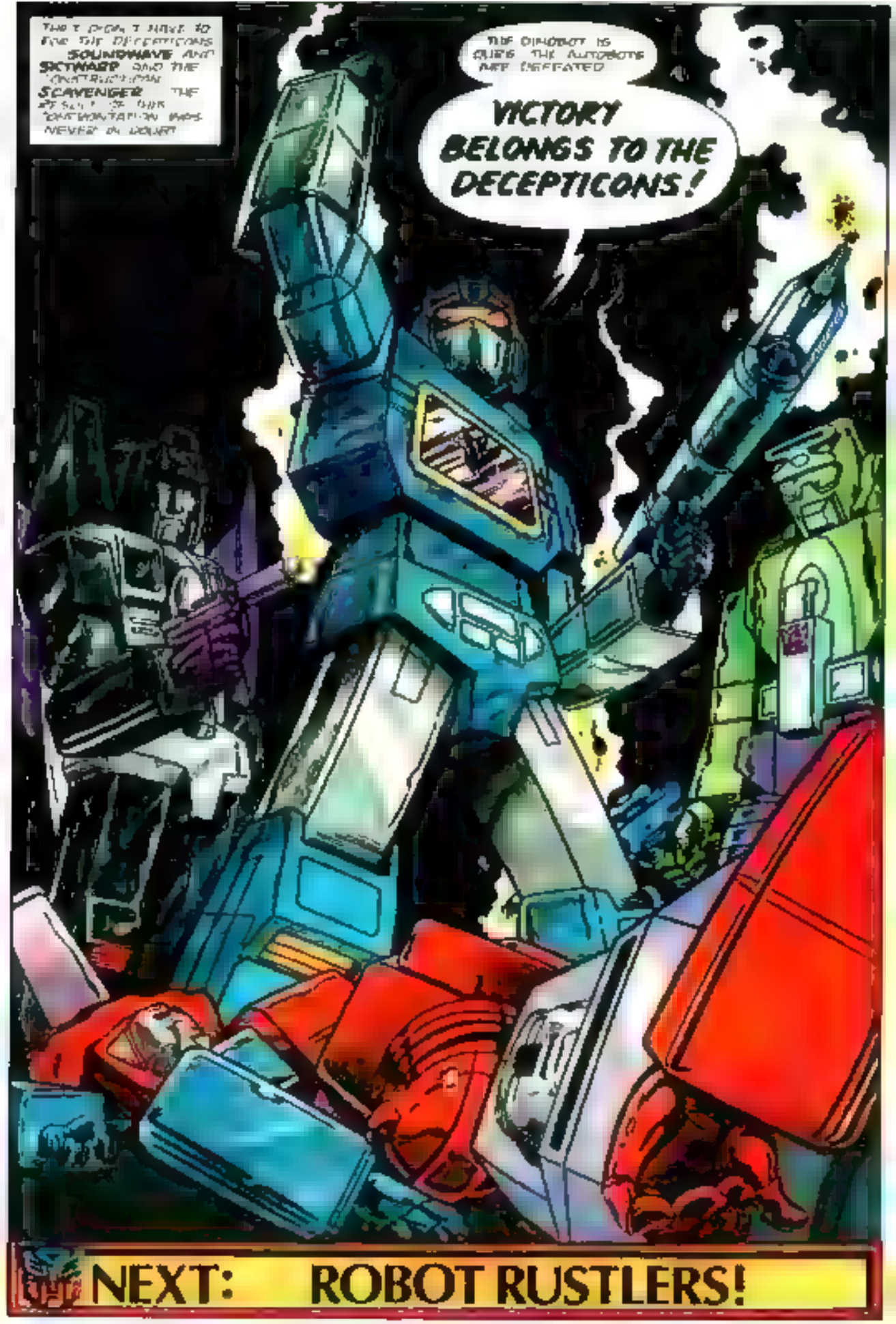

THEY CONTINUE TO SEARCH
RELENTLESSLY QUESTIONING ALL THEY ENCOUNTER
PATIENTLY THEY GATHER THE BITS AND PIECES OF INFORMATION PEOPLE OFFER
CERTAIN IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SOONER OR LATER
THEY WILL FIND WHAT THEY ARE LOOKING FOR
THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE AT LAST
YEAH WE'RE CLOSE ALRIGHT IT WAS A STROKE OF LUCK FINDING THAT -
HEY, YOU TWO! EYES FRONT ..
- WE'VE GOT TROUBLE !

SEEMS THOSE BRUTES WE GOT WHEEN I WERNT AFTER ALL WE REALLY HAVE GOT OURSELVES A TWO OR 3 BAD ALLIGATOR NO ECHO'S YOU FELLAS SHOULD HAVE STAYED UP IN OREGON
YOU SEE HERE IN ALCHEMIA WE DO TH NOT A LITTLE MAGIC DIRECTLY
BLOW 'EM AWAY!
WHAT NOW WINDCHARGER?
WE RETREAT QUICKLY IF YOU HAVE TO BUT DO NO YOURSELF YOU TAKE OUT THE BOAT NOT THE MAN
IS THAT CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD?
HEAR THEY'RE MAKING A RUN FOR
WELL I AIN'T GONNA LET 'EM GET FAR!
HEEEY!
OUCH! MAYBE I'M NOT GOING TO GET CLEAR IN TIME THAT CRAZY OLD MAN WILL JUST BLOW HIMSELF IF HE HITS ME!

SORRY ABOUT THIS HUMAN
BUT IF — AS MY STUDY OF EARTH CULTURE TELLS ME — YOUR FACE COVETS GLASS BOTTOMED BOATS
YOU'LL BE THE ENVY OF ALL YOUR FRIENDS WITH A BOAT MADE ENTIRELY OF GLASS!
BROUGHT TO YOU COURTESY OF MY ALL PURPOSE GLASS+ GUN ..
NO STEVE REGRET - NO AUTOBOT SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE!
HELP ME BLIG OUTTA?
NEATLY DONE, CLIFFJUMPER THAT IS.
LOOK! THROUGH THERE BLASTER FIRE!
LET'S GET OVER THERE AUTOBOTS — NOW!
THAT STRIKES ME AS WITHOUT WARNING THE NEIGHBORHOOD FIRE OF THE HEAVENS WAS DEALT WITH FAST!


THE CANOBOT SLUDGE WAS AS THEY HAD ANTICIPATED - SLOW TO REACT. IT HAD BEEN LULLED INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY BY THE HUMAN FEMALE AND WAS UNPREPARED FOR THEIR SUBSEQUENT ATTACK
THE RAGE THAT FOLLOWED — PROBABLY MORE DUE TO THEIR ROUGH HANDLING OF THE HUMAN FRIEND THAN THE ACTUAL ASSAULT ON HIM — WAS AWESOME TO BEHOLD.
WITH THEIR BEAMS SET ON STUN INTENSITY THEY ALMOST BEGAN TO WONDER IF THEY COULD STOP HIM BEFORE HE REACHED THEM
ALMOST

MOMENTS LATER
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ALL THE FIREWORKS?
BY THE MATRIX! SLUDGE!!
IT'S SLUDGE ALRIGHT AND IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S BEEN BLASTED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS
GREAT SOMEONE'S DONE OUR JOB FOR US
DON'T LIKE THIS! DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL
ONLY ANOTHER TRANSFORMER COULD HAVE DONE THIS TO SLUDGE!
THIS SMELLS LIKE A
ZZZAK
AS SOON AS THE DECEPTICONS HAD

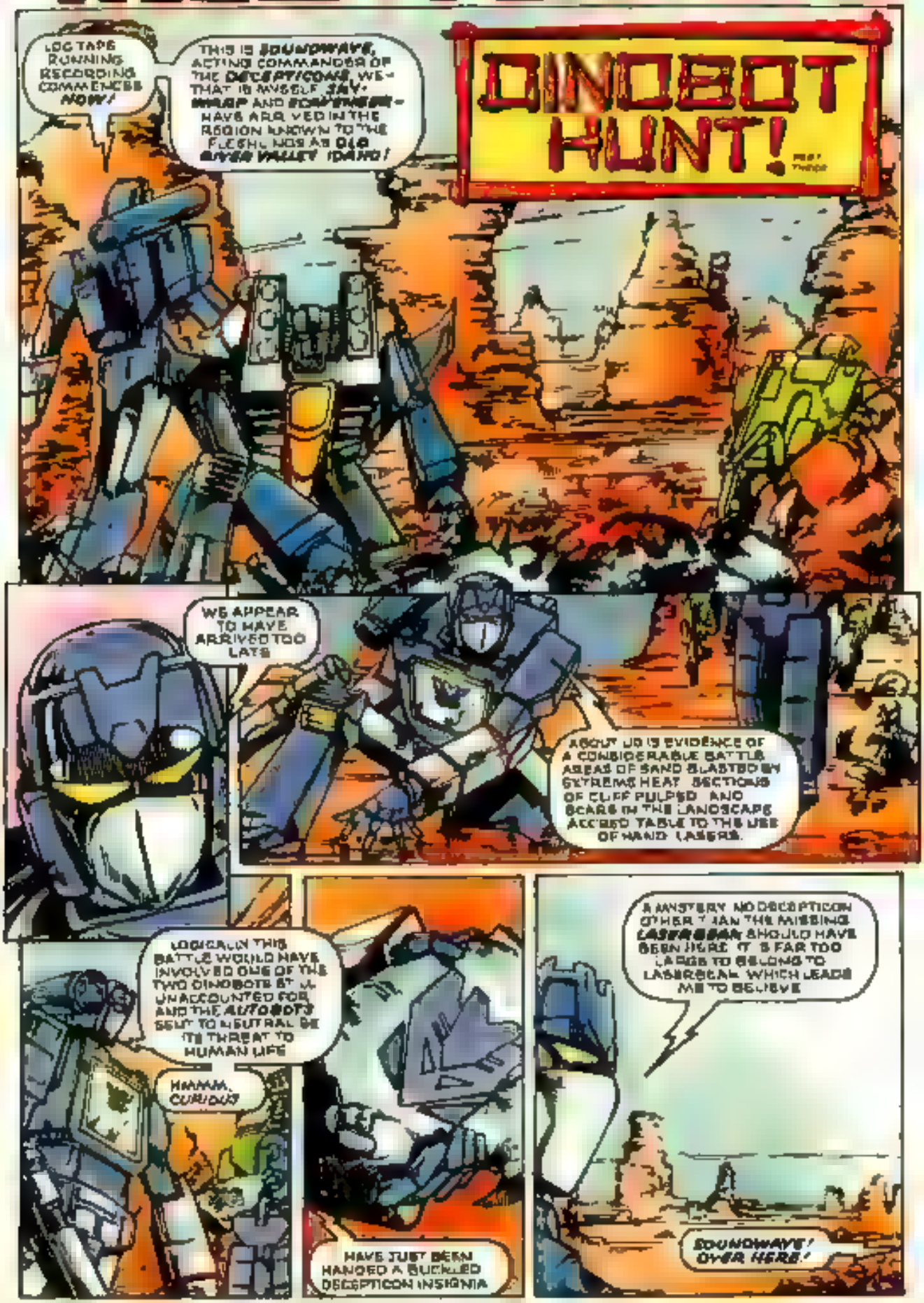

THAT DIDN'T HAVE TO END THE DECEPTICONS SOUNDWAVE AND SKYWARP AND THE DESTRUCTICON SCAVENGER THE RESULT OF THIS CONFRONTATION WAS NEVER IN DOUBT
THE DINOBOT IS DEAD THE AUTOBOTS ARE DEFEATED
VICTORY BELONGS TO THE DECEPTICONS!
NEXT: ROBOT RUSTLERS!

MARVEL™
22nd Feb '86
№49 30p

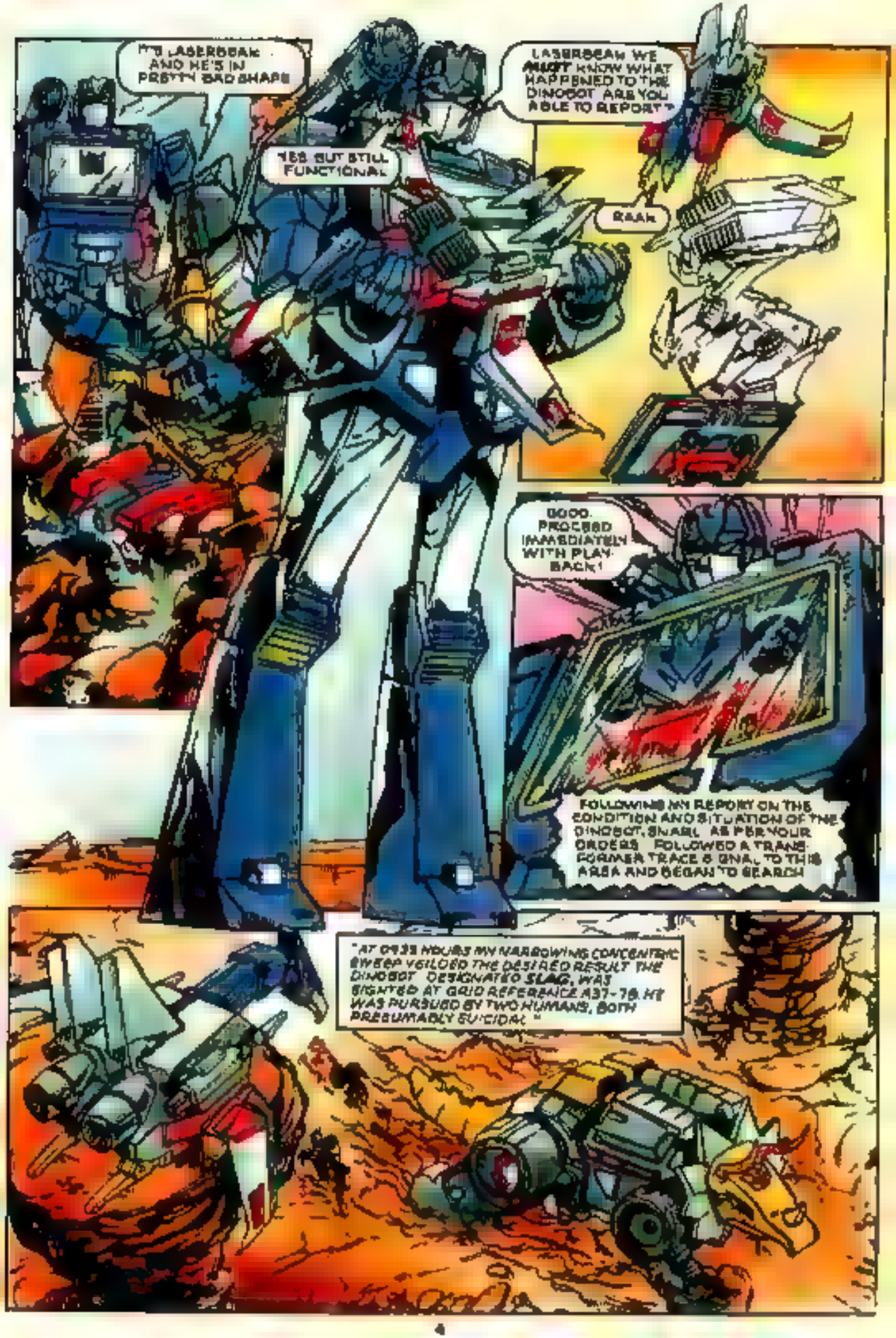
THE TRANSFORMERS

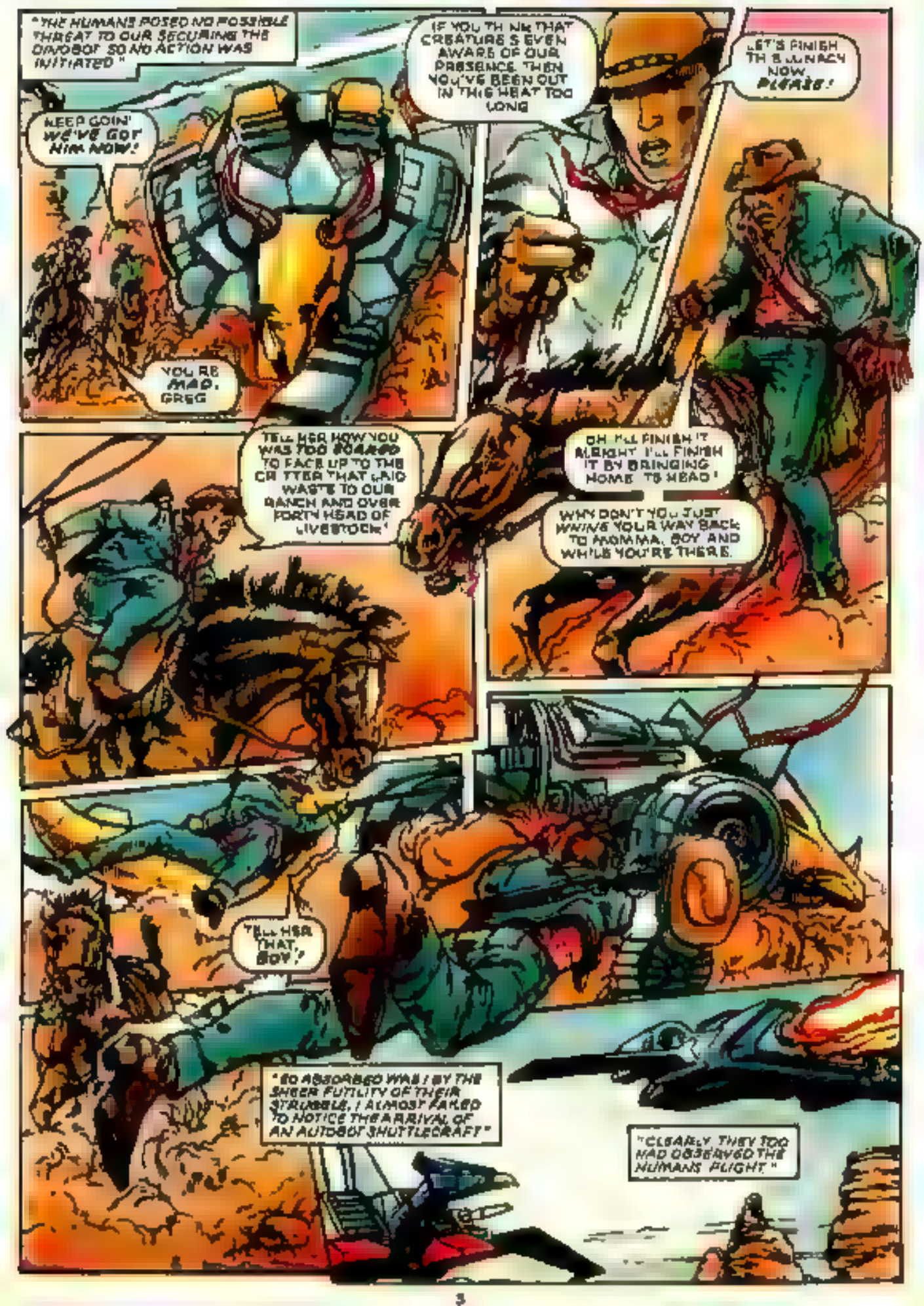
HOT ROD AUTOBOT

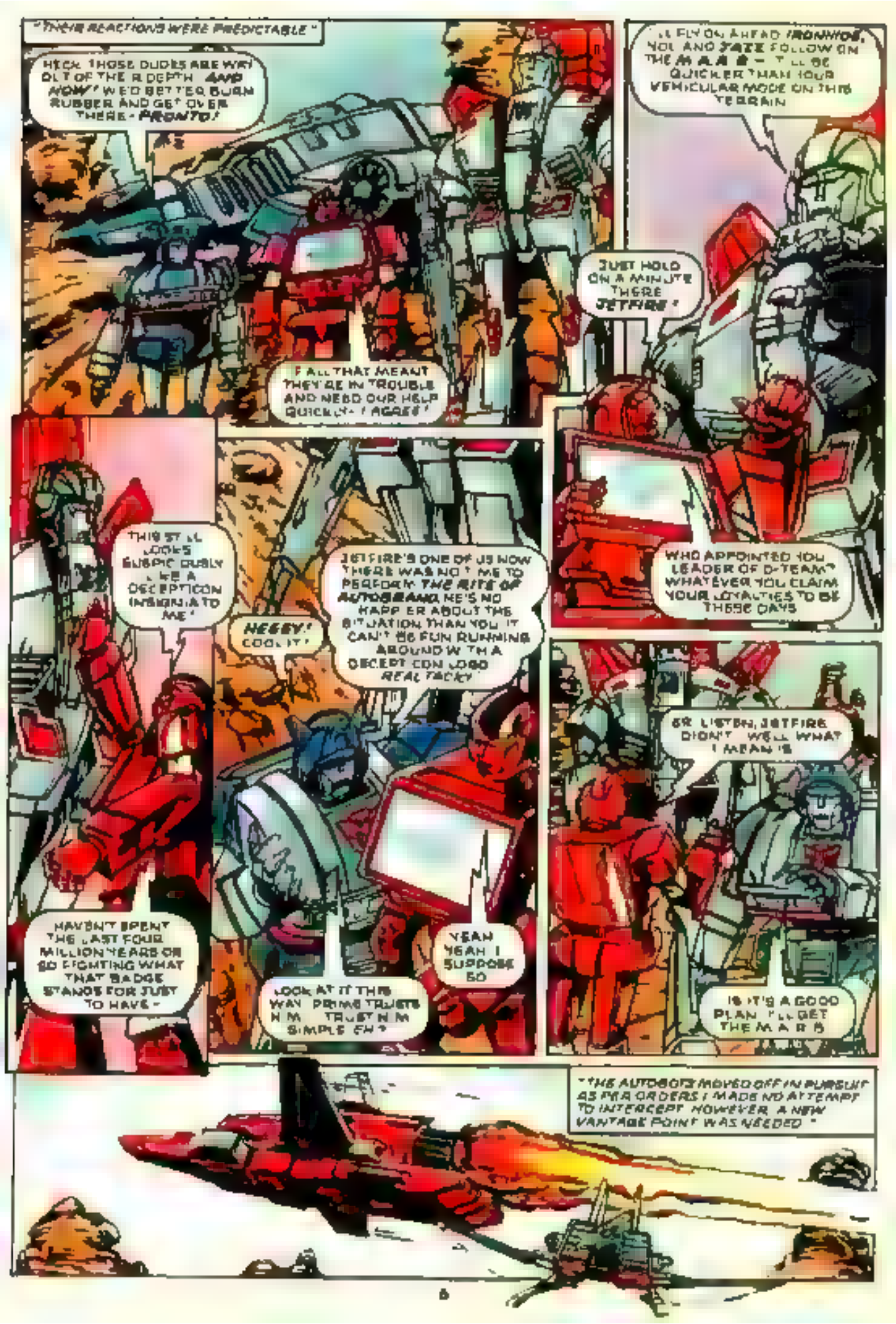
ROBOT RUSTLERS!

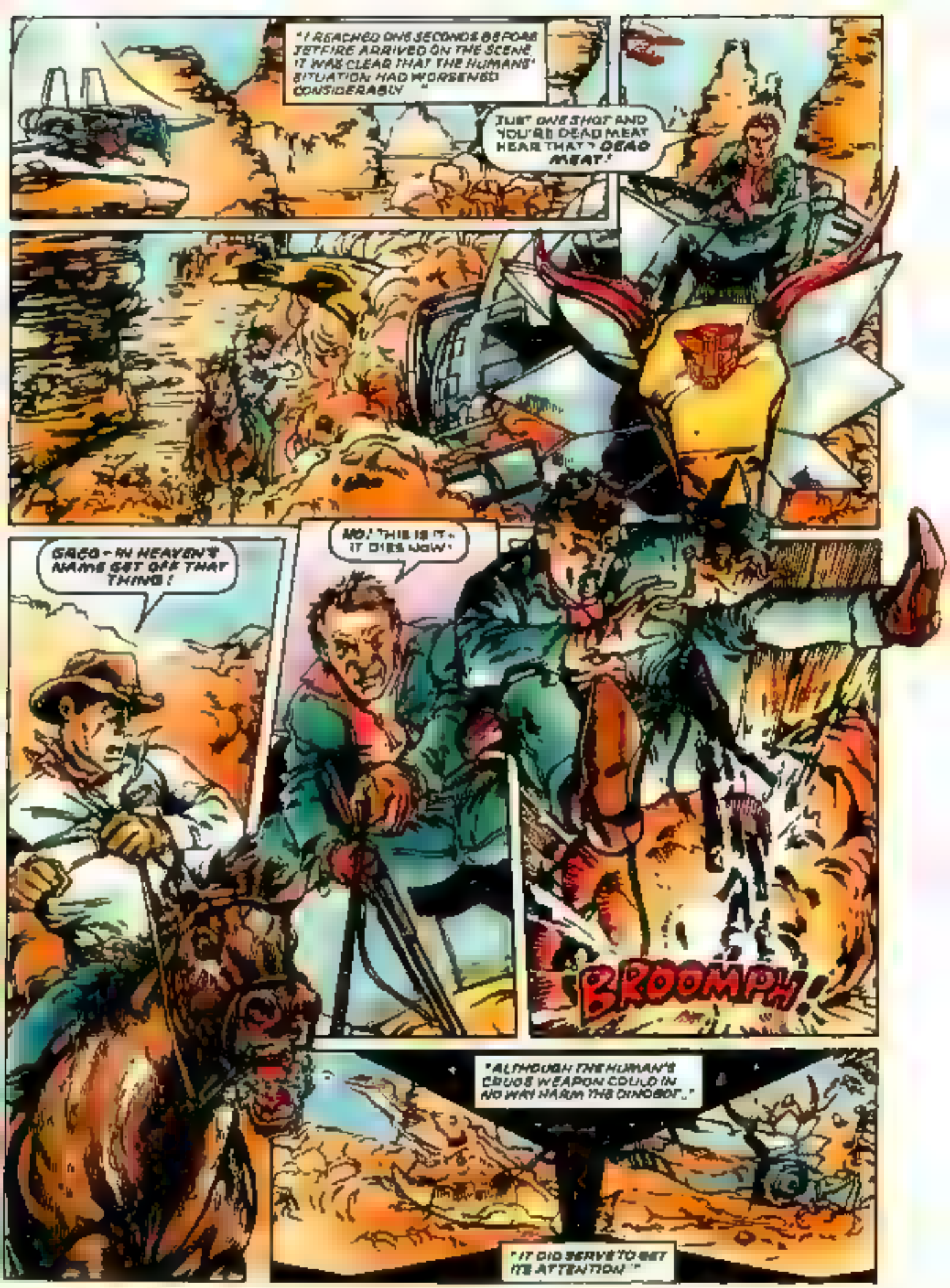

DINOBOT HUNT!
LOG TAPE RUNNING. RECORDING COMMENCES NOW!
THIS IS SOUNDWAVE, ACTING COMMANDER OF THE DECEPTICONS. WE - THAT IS MYSELF, SAV-WARP AND SCAVENGER - HAVE ARRIVED IN THE REGION KNOWN TO THE FLESHLINGS AS OLD SNAKE VALLEY, IDAHO!
WE APPEAR TO HAVE ARRIVED TOO LATE.
ABOUT US IS EVIDENCE OF A CONSIDERABLE BATTLE. AREAS OF SAND BLASTED BY EXTREME HEAT. SECTIONS OF CLIFF PULPED AND SCARS IN THE LANDSCAPE ACCURED TABLE TO THE USE OF HAND LASERS.
LOGICALLY, THIS BATTLE WOULD HAVE INVOLVED ONE OF THE TWO DINOBOTS AT LARGE, UNACCOUNTED FOR, AND THE AUTOBOTS SENT TO NEUTRALISE ITS THREAT TO HUMAN LIFE.
HMMM. CURIOUS.
HAVE JUST BEEN HANDED A BUCKLED DECEPTICON INSIGNIA.
A MYSTERY. NO DECEPTICON OTHER THAN THE MISSING LASERBEAK SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE. IT IS FAR TOO LARGE TO BELONG TO LASERBEAK, WHICH LEADS ME TO BELIEVE
SOUNDWAVE! OVER HERE!

SCRIPT SIMON FURMAN ART WILL SIMPSON LETTERS MIKE SCOTT COLOUR STUART PLACE EDITOR RIMMER

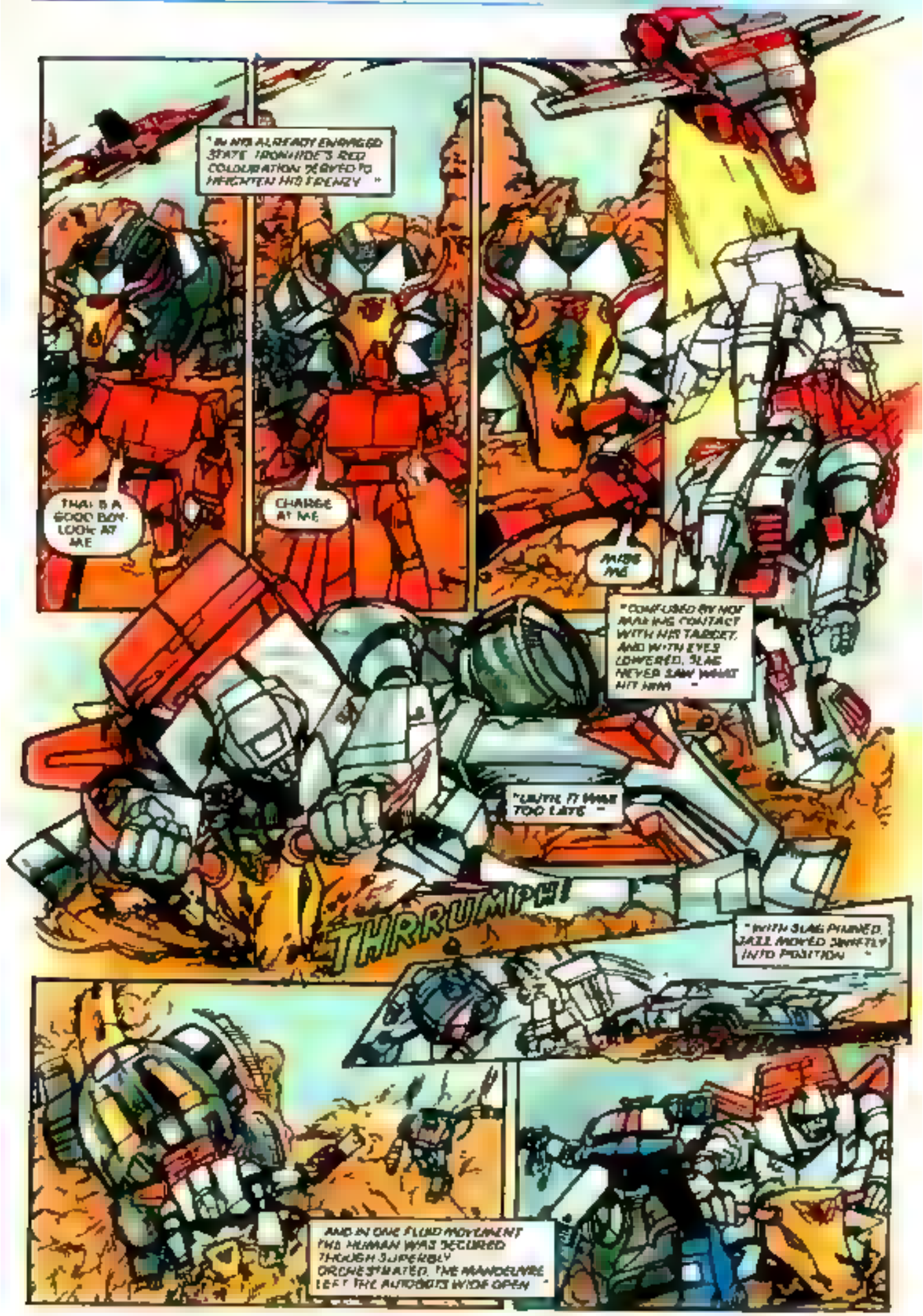

IT'S LASERBEAK AND HE'S IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE
YES, BUT STILL FUNCTIONAL
LASERBEAK WE MUST KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DINOBOT ARE YOU ABLE TO REPORT?
RAAK
GOOD. PROCEED IMMEDIATELY WITH PLAY-BACK!
FOLLOWING MY REPORT ON THE CONDITION AND SITUATION OF THE DINOBOT, SNARL AS PER YOUR ORDERS, FOLLOWED A TRANSFORMER TRACE SIGNAL TO THIS AREA AND BEGAN TO SEARCH
"AT 0933 HOURS MY NARROWING CONCENTRIC SWEEP YIELDED THE DESIRED RESULT THE DINOBOT DESIGNATED SLAG, WAS SIGHTED AT GRID REFERENCE A37-78. HE WAS PURSUED BY TWO HUMANS, BOTH PRESUMABLY SUICIDAL."

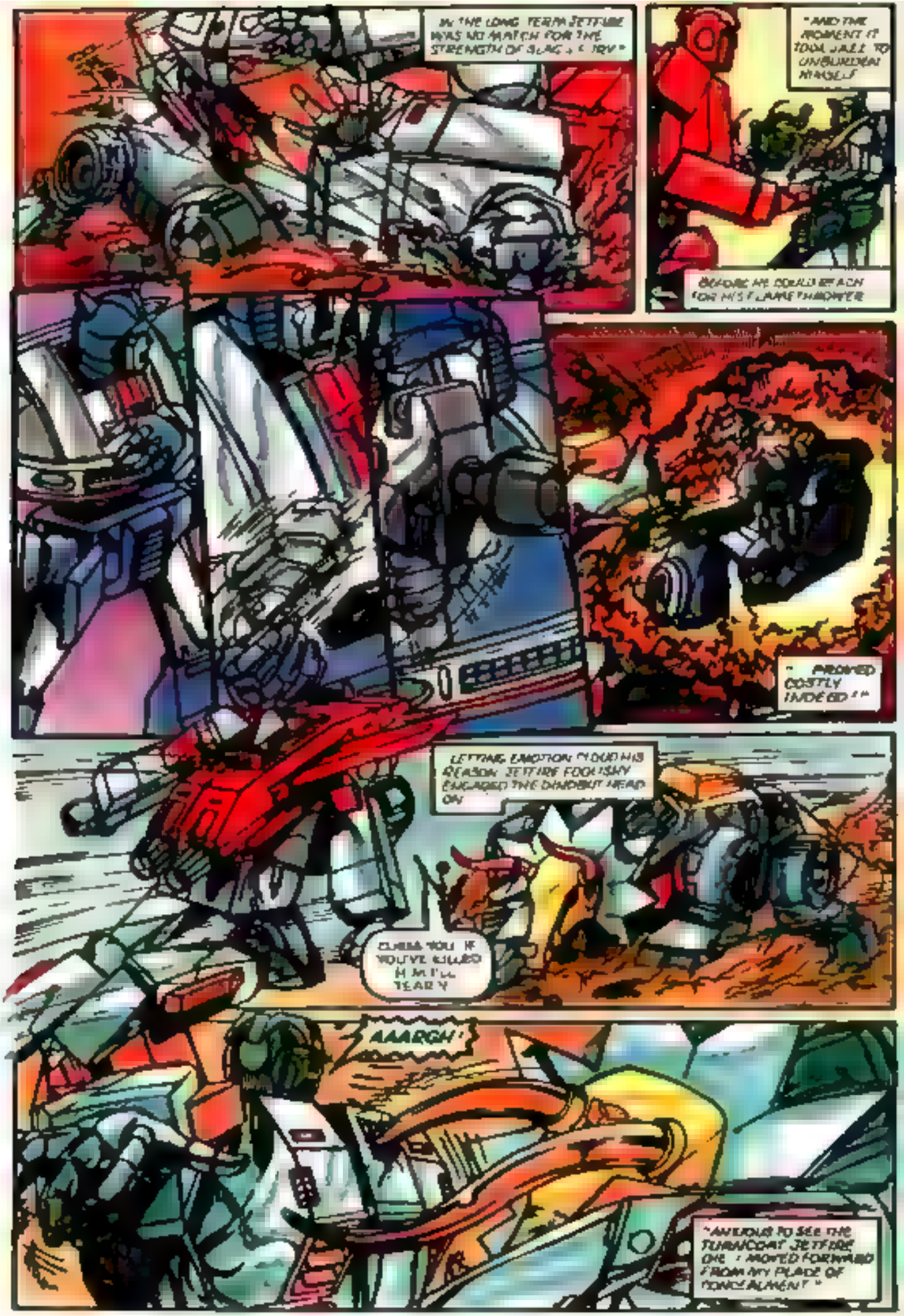

"THE HUMANS POSED NO POSSIBLE THREAT TO OUR SECURING THE DINOBOT SO NO ACTION WAS INITIATED."
IF YOU THINK THAT CREATURE'S EVEN AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE, THEN YOU'VE BEEN OUT IN THIS HEAT TOO LONG
LET'S FINISH THIS BUSINESS NOW, PLEASE!
KEEP GOIN' WE'VE GOT HIM NOW!
YOU'RE MAD, GREG
TELL HER HOW YOU WAS TOO SCARED TO FACE UP TO THE CRITTER THAT LAID WASTE TO OUR RANCH AND OVER FORTY HEAD OF LIVESTOCK!
OH, I'LL FINISH IT ALRIGHT! I'LL FINISH IT BY BRINGING HOME ITS HEAD!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST WHINE YOUR WAY BACK TO MAMMA, BOY AND WHILE YOU'RE THERE...
TELL HER THAT, BOY!
"SO ABSORBED WAS I BY THE SHEER FUTILITY OF THEIR STRUGGLE, I ALMOST FAILED TO NOTICE THE ARRIVAL OF AN AUTOBOT SHUTTLECRAFT."
"CLEARLY THEY TOO HAD OBSERVED THE HUMANS' FLIGHT."

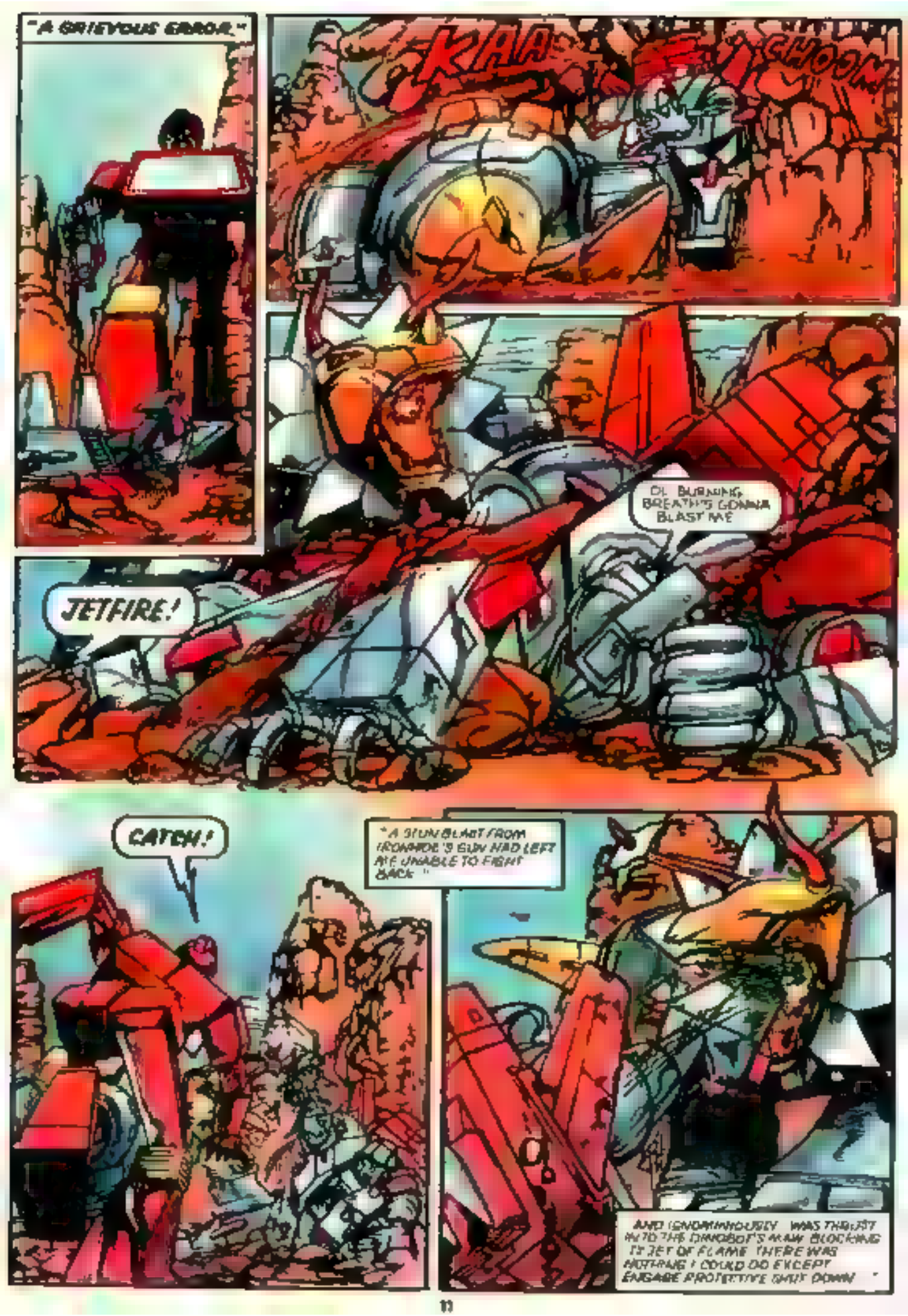

"THEIR REACTIONS WERE PREDICTABLE"
HECK THOSE DUDES ARE WAY OUT OF THEIR DEPTH AND NOW WE'D BETTER BURN RUBBER AND GET OVER THERE - PRONTO!
I'LL FLY ON AHEAD IRONHIDE, HOT AND SIDE FOLLOW ON THE MAIN - I'LL BE QUICKER THAN YOUR VEHICULAR MODE ON THIS TERRAIN
JUST HOLD ON A MINUTE THERE JETFIRE!
IF ALL THAT MEANT THEY'RE IN TROUBLE AND NEED OUR HELP QUICKLY - I AGREE!
WHO APPOINTED YOU LEADER OF D-TEAM? WHATEVER YOU CLAIM YOUR LOYALTIES TO BE THESE DAYS
THIS STILL LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE A DECEPTICON INSIGNIA TO ME!
HEEEY! COOL IT!
JETFIRE'S ONE OF US NOW THERE WAS NO TIME TO PERFORM THE RITE OF AUTOBRAND, HE'S NO HAPPIER ABOUT THE SITUATION THAN YOU IT CAN'T BE FUN RUNNING AROUND WITH A DECEPTICON LOGO REAL TACKY
OR LISTEN, JETFIRE DIDN'T WELL WHAT I MEAN IS
HAVEN'T SPENT THE LAST FOUR MILLION YEARS OR SO FIGHTING WHAT THAT BADGE STANDS FOR JUST TO HAVE -
YEAH YEAH I SUPPOSE SO
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY PRIME TRUSTS HIM TRUST HIM SIMPLE EH?
IF IT'S A GOOD PLAN I'LL GET THE MAIN
"THE AUTOBOTS MOVED OFF IN PURSUIT AS PER ORDERS I MADE NO ATTEMPT TO INTERCEPT HOWEVER A NEW VANTAGE POINT WAS NEEDED"

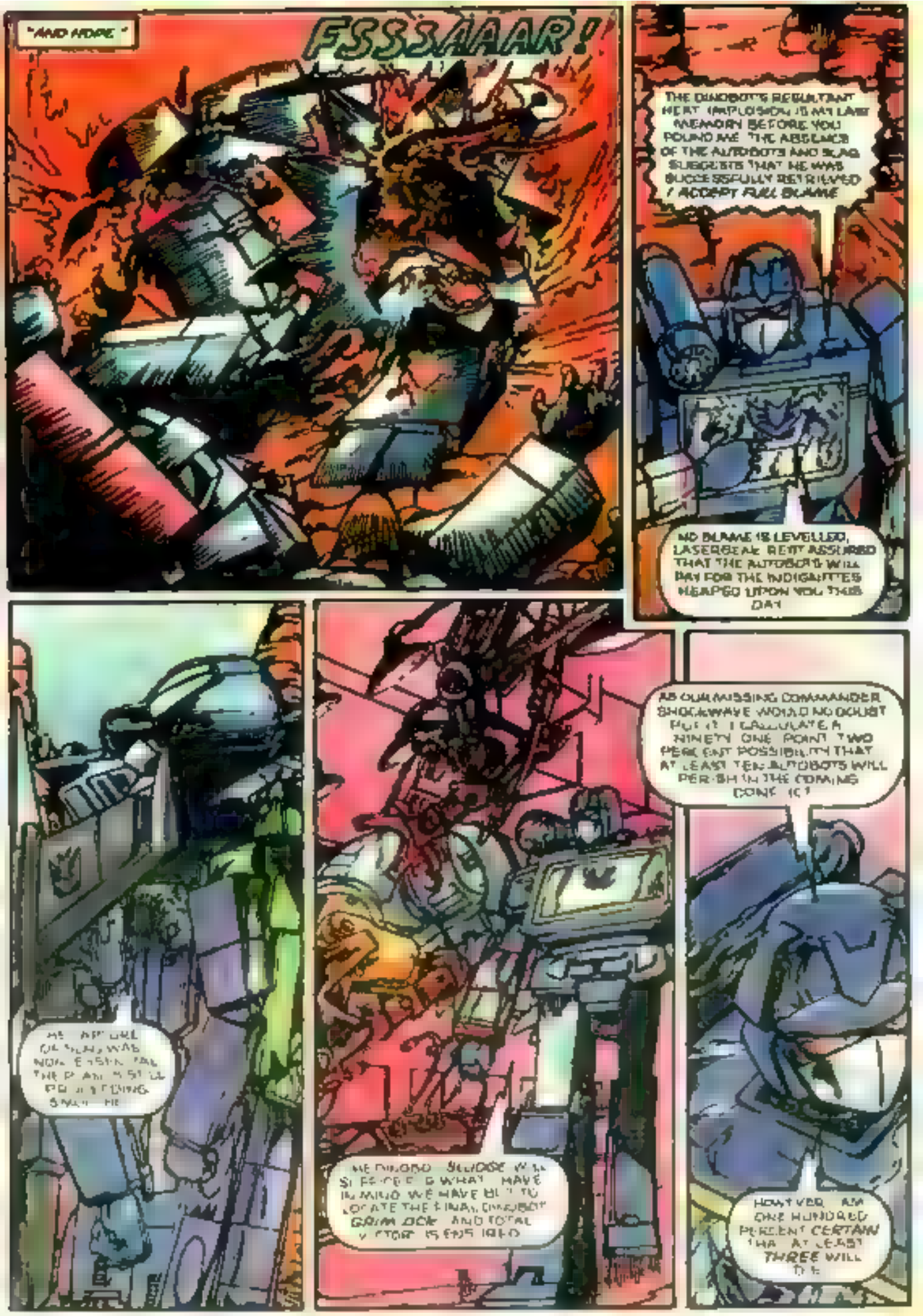

"I REACHED ONE SECOND BEFORE JETFIRE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE. IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE HUMANS' SITUATION HAD WORSENED CONSIDERABLY."
JUST ONE SHOT AND YOU'RE DEAD MEAT. HEAR THAT? DEAD MEAT!
GRICO - IN HEAVEN'S NAME GET OFF THAT THING!
NO! THIS IS IT - IT DIES NOW!
BROOMPH!
"ALTHOUGH THE HUMAN'S CRUDE WEAPON COULD IN NO WAY HARM THE DINOBOT..."
"IT DID SERVE TO GET ITS ATTENTION."

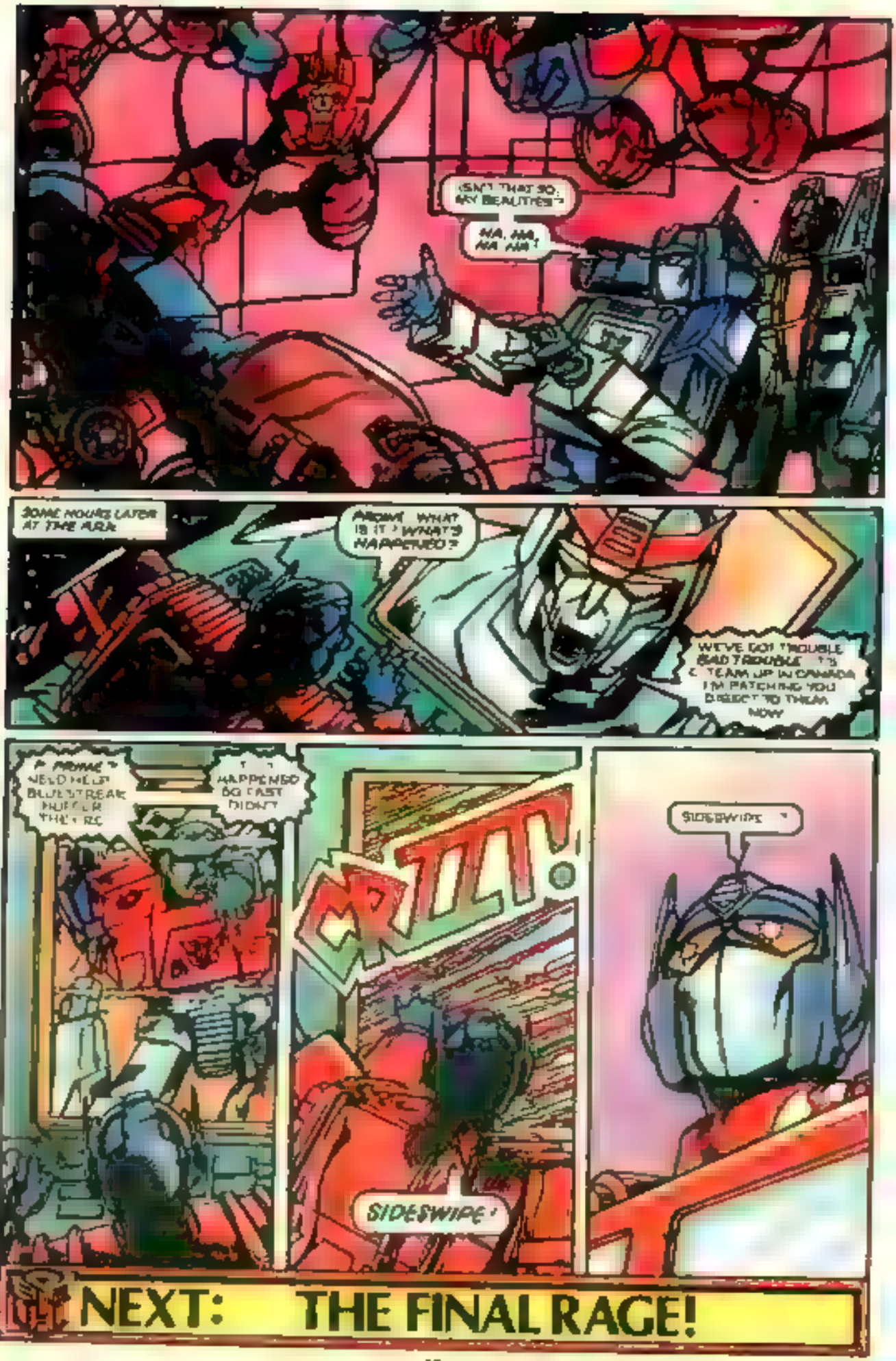
OH LORD GREG!
HUMAN...
YOU MUST REMOVE YOURSELF FROM THIS AREA WITH ALL HASTE. THE BEAST YOU CHASE IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY.
B-B-BUT MA BROTHER'S ON THAT THING!
"WE."
THIS COMPLICATES MATTERS. GET YOURSELF TO SAFETY, HUMAN. WE WILL BRING YOUR BR BROTHER TO YOU.
WE."
JETFIRE THEN TOOK COMMAND OF THE RESCUE OPERATION. HIS CAPACITY FOR FAST, DECISIVE ACTION IS CONSIDERABLE. IF HE COULD BE RETURNED TO THE RANKS OF THE DECEPTICONS HE WOULD BE A POWERFUL WEAPON INDEED.
"THEIR FIRST STEP WAS TO GET BLAZE'S ATTENTION."


"IN HIS ALREADY ENRAGED STATE IRONHIDE'S RED COLOURATION SERVED TO HEIGHTEN HIS FRENZY"
THAT'S A GOOD BOY. LOOK AT ME
CHARGE AT ME
MISS ME
"CONFUSED BY NOT MAKING CONTACT WITH HIS TARGET, AND WITH EYES LOWERED, SLAG NEVER SAW WHAT HIT HIM"
"UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE"
THRRUMPH!
"WITH SLAG PINNED, JAZZ MOVED SWIFTLY INTO POSITION"
"AND IN ONE FLUID MOVEMENT THE HUMAN WAS SECURED THROUGH SUPERBLY ORCHESTRATED MANOEUVRE. LEFT THE AUTOBOTS WIDE OPEN"


IN THE LONG TERM JETTURE WAS NO MATCH FOR THE STRENGTH OF SLAG + "IRV"
"AND THE MOMENT IT TOOK JALL TO UNBURDEN MYSELF
BEFORE HE COULD REACH FOR HIS FLAMETHROWER
" PROVED COSTLY INDEED ! "
LETTING EMOTION CLOUD HIS REASON JETTURE FOOLISHLY ENGAGED THE DINOBOT HEAD ON
CURSE YOU IF YOU'VE KILLED HIM I'LL TEAR Y
AAARGH!
"ANYONE TO SEE THE TURNCOAT JETTURE DIE ! MOVED FORWARD FROM MY PLACE OF CONCEALMENT "


"A GRIEVOUS ERROR."
KRA
CHOOM
OL' BURNING BREATH'S GONNA BLAST ME
JETFIRE!
CATCH!
"A STUN BLAST FROM IRONHIDE'S GUN HAD LEFT ME UNABLE TO FIGHT BACK."
AND IGNOMINIOUSLY, WAS THRUST INTO THE DINOBOT'S MAW, BLOCKING ITS JET OF FLAME. THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO EXCEPT ENGAGE PROTECTIVE SHUT DOWN.


"AND HOPE."
FSSSSAAAR!
THE DINOBOTS RESULTANT HEAT IMPLOSION IS MY LAST MEMORY BEFORE YOU POUND ME. THE ABSENCE OF THE AUTOBOTS AND SLAG SUGGESTS THAT HE WAS SUCCESSFULLY RETRIEVED. I ACCEPT FULL BLAME.
NO BLAME IS LEVELLED, LASERBEAK. REST ASSURED THAT THE AUTOBOTS WILL PAY FOR THE INDIGNITIES HEAPED UPON YOU THIS DAY.
AS OUR MISSING COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE WOULD NO DOUBT PUT IT, I CALCULATE A NINETY ONE POINT TWO PERCENT POSSIBILITY THAT AT LEAST TEN AUTOBOTS WILL PERISH IN THE COMING CONFLICT.
HOWEVER, AM ONE HUNDRED PERCENT CERTAIN THAT AT LEAST THREE WILL DIE.


ISN'T THAT SO, MY BEAUTIES?
HA, HA, HA, HA!
SOME HOURS LATER AT THE ARK
PRIME! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WE'VE GOT TROUBLE. BAD TROUBLE. IT'S C. TEAM UP IN CANADA. I'M PATCHING YOU DIRECT TO THEM. NOW
PRIME! NEED HELP! BLUESTREAK HURT! THEY'RE
WHAT HAPPENED SO FAST DIDN'T
CRUNCH!
SIDESWIPE!
SIDESWIPE!
NEXT: THE FINAL RAGE!

MARVEL
1st Mar.'86
No50 30p

THE TRANSFORMERS™

HEROIC AUTOBOT

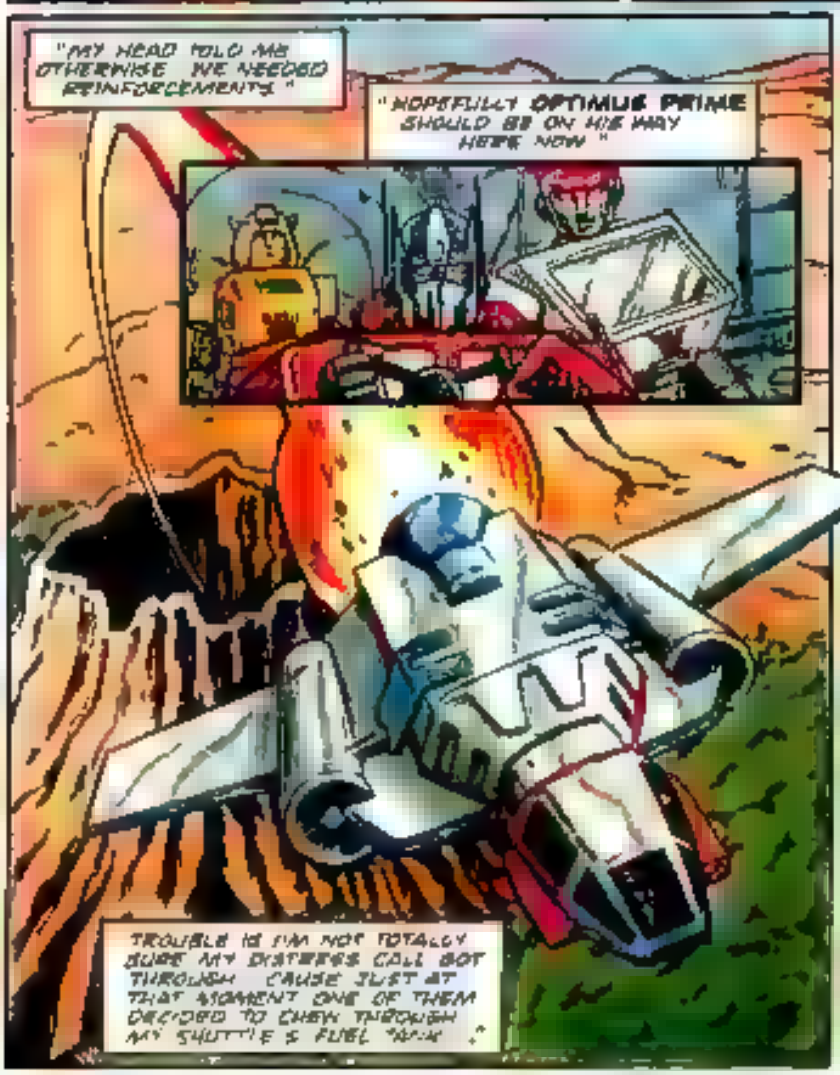
WAR ZONE!

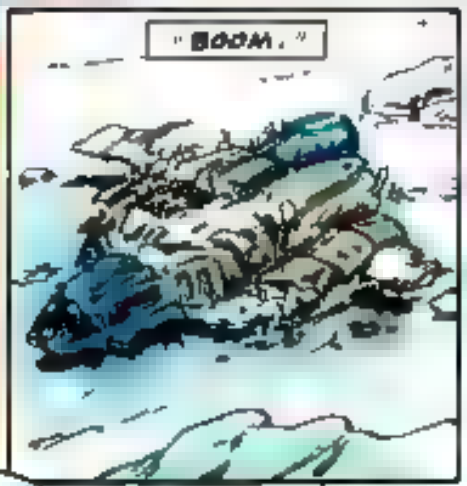
TRANSFORMERS

THE HUMANS CALL THIS PLACE DOONSTOWN UNTIL RECENTLY IT WAS A PEACEFUL AND PROSPEROUS SETTLEMENT. THAT'S CHANGED.
NOW WORDS LIKE BATTLE-SITE OR WAR-ZONE WOULD MORE ACCURATELY DESCRIBE IT.

"WE WERE SO CLOSE. OUR TARGET HAD BEEN LOCATED AND SECURED. THE HUMANS WEREN'T EVEN AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE. IT SEEMED TO COME FROM NOWHERE — WHAM!" NO TIME TO REACT.
BLUESTREAK WAS FIRST

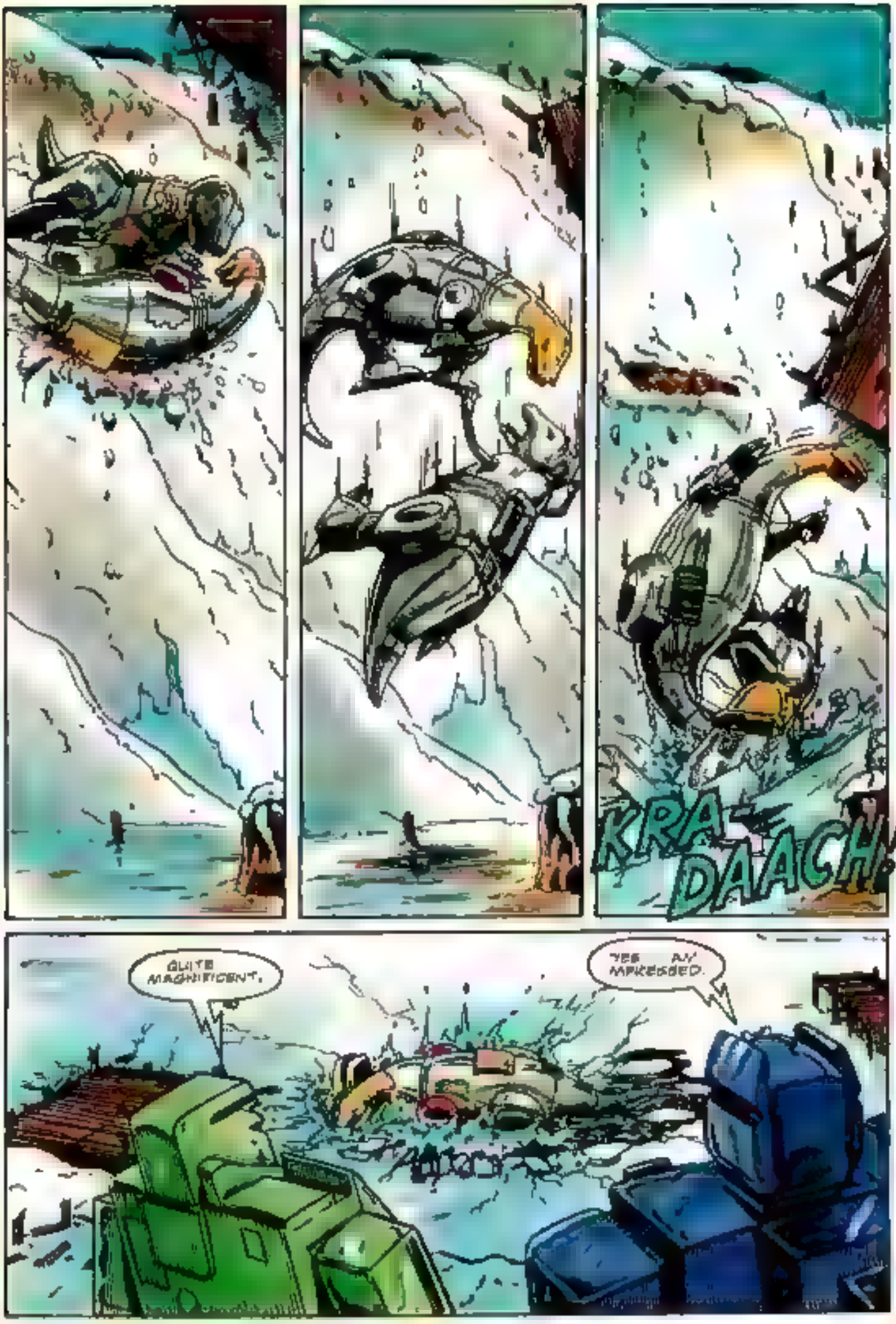
HUFFER TRIED TO FIGHT — A WASTED EFFORT. THEY WERE AT EACH OTHER LIKE WILD BEASTS AND HE WAS JUST IN THEIR WAY.
MY HEART TOLD ME TO STAY AND HELP — OR AVENGE — THEM."


"MY HEAD TOLD ME OTHERWISE. WE NEEDED REINFORCEMENTS."
"HOPEFULLY OPTIMUS PRIME SHOULD BE ON HIS WAY HERE NOW."
TROUBLE IS I'M NOT TOTALLY SURE MY DATABANKS CALL BOT THROUGH. CAUSE JUST AT THAT MOMENT ONE OF THEM DECIDED TO CHEW THROUGH MY SHUTTLE'S FUEL LINE.



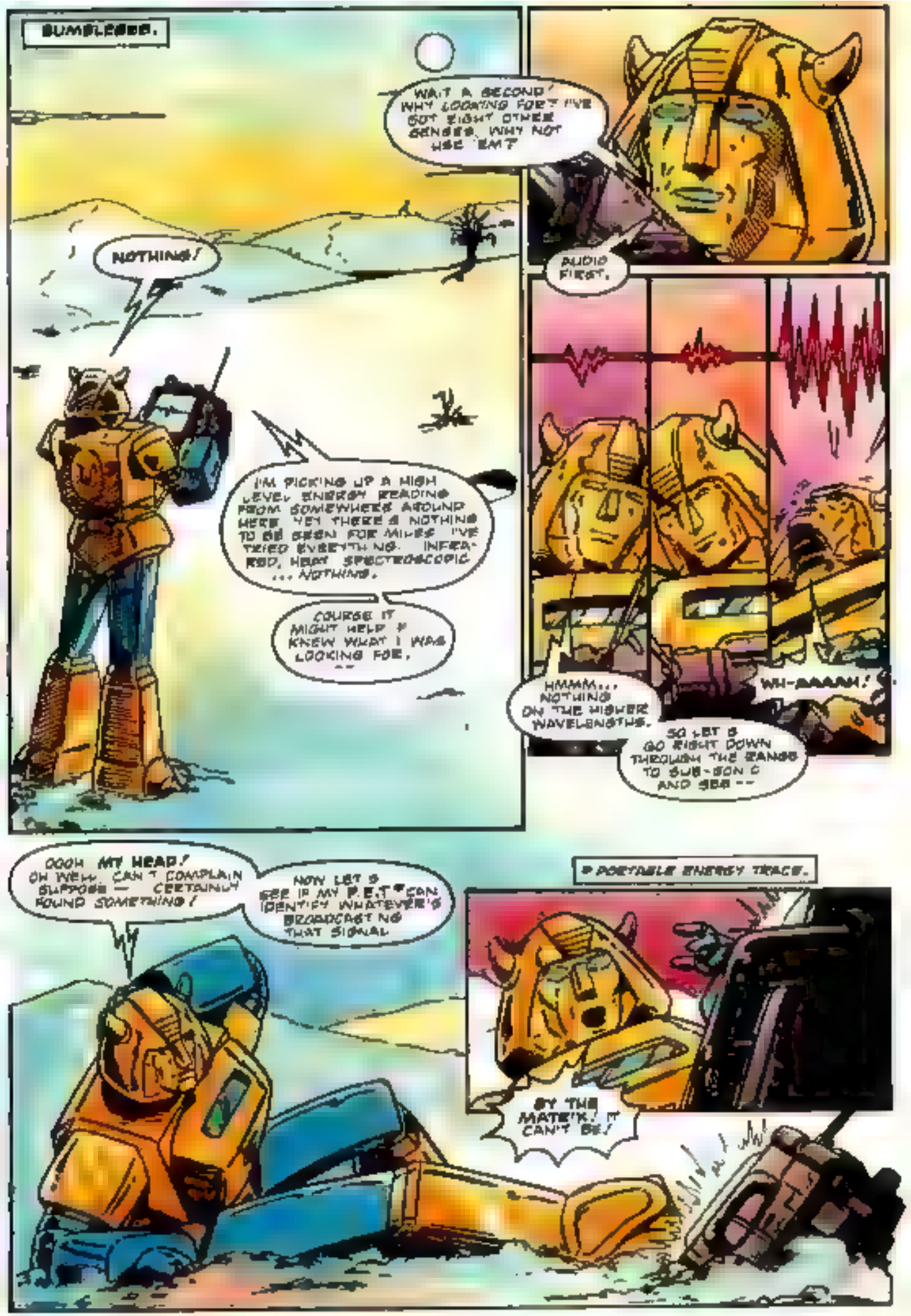
THIS'S SIDESWIPE SIGNING OFF. I'M UNSH-, HURT PRETTY BAD. SO IF DON'T MAKE IT, GIVE THE DECEPTICONS ONE FOR ME NEXT TIME YOU SEE THEM, OKAY?

UNDER HUNT!
WRITER - SIMON FURMAN
ARTIST - BARRY KITSON
LETTERER - ANNIE HALFACREE
COLOURIST - STUART PLACE
EDITOR - IAN RIMMER
ART ASS'T TIM PERKINS
AND THE MONSTERS FOUGHT ON ..


KRA-DAACH!
QUITE MAGNIFICENT.
YES AV MAKESSED.

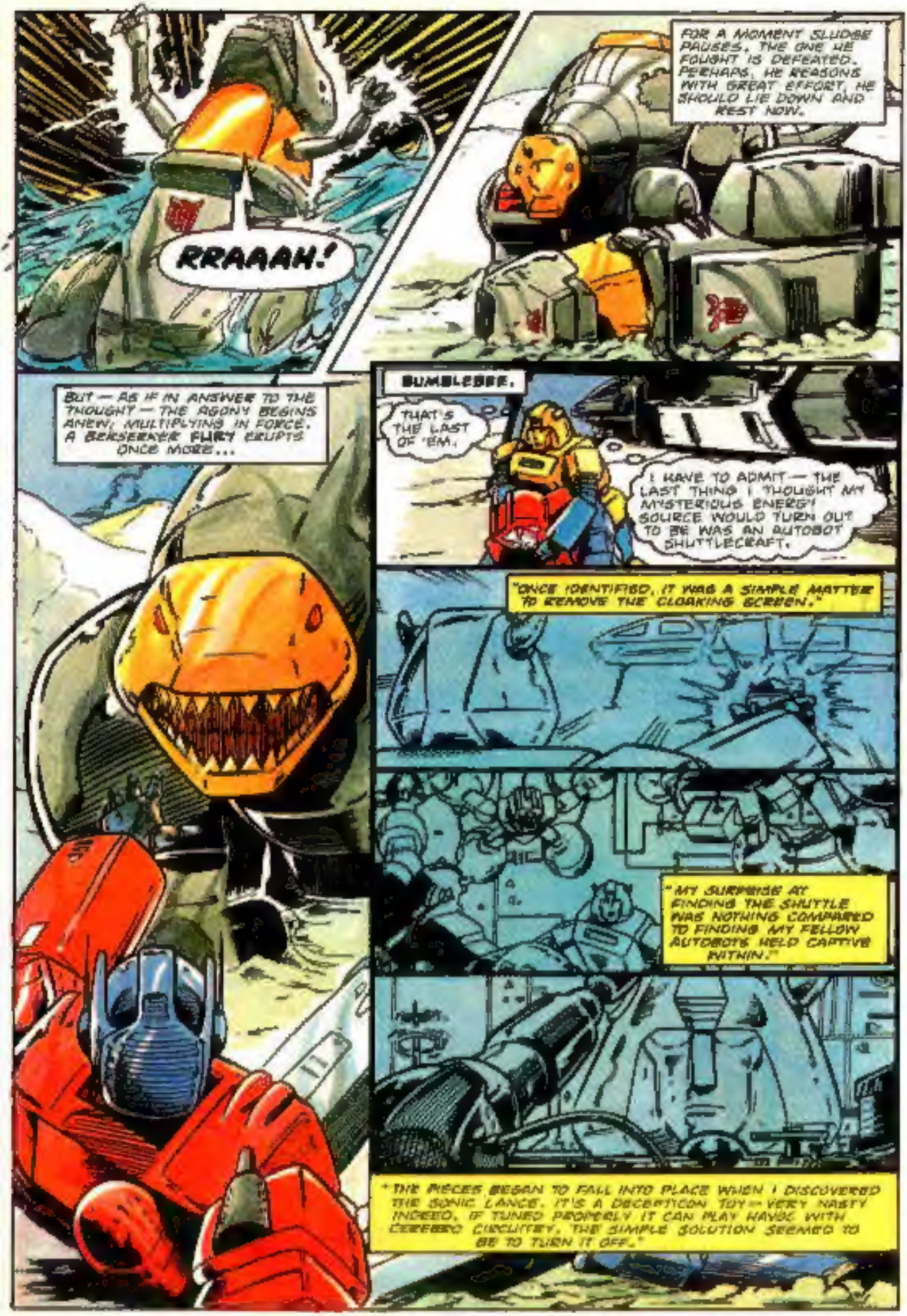
YOUR DEVICE HAS ACCOMPLISHED ALL YOU SAID IT WOULD SCAVENGER AND MORE
WE MUST ENSURE IT KEEPS TRANSMITTING FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.
NO PROBLEM I'VE ARRANGED A NASTY SURPRISE FOR ANYONE WHO TRIED TO TAMPER WITH IT
GOOD NOW WE MUST —
HEY SKYWARP'S BACK
REPORT
IT'S ALL GOOD NEWS SOUNDWAVE.
THERE'S A SMALL OIL RIG FURTHER UP THAT WAY. IT'S PROBABLY THE REASON FOR THE HUMAN SETTLEMENT HERE WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DRAW OFF ENOUGH FUEL TO MAKE THE TRIP WORTHWHILE
AND.?
OH YES THERE'S ANOTHER SHUTTLECRAFT HEADING THIS WAY FROM THE SOUTH I FIGURE THAT MUST BE PRIME
PERFECT BELIEVE THE FLESHLINGS HAVE AN EXPRESSION FOR IT. .
LIKE LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER.

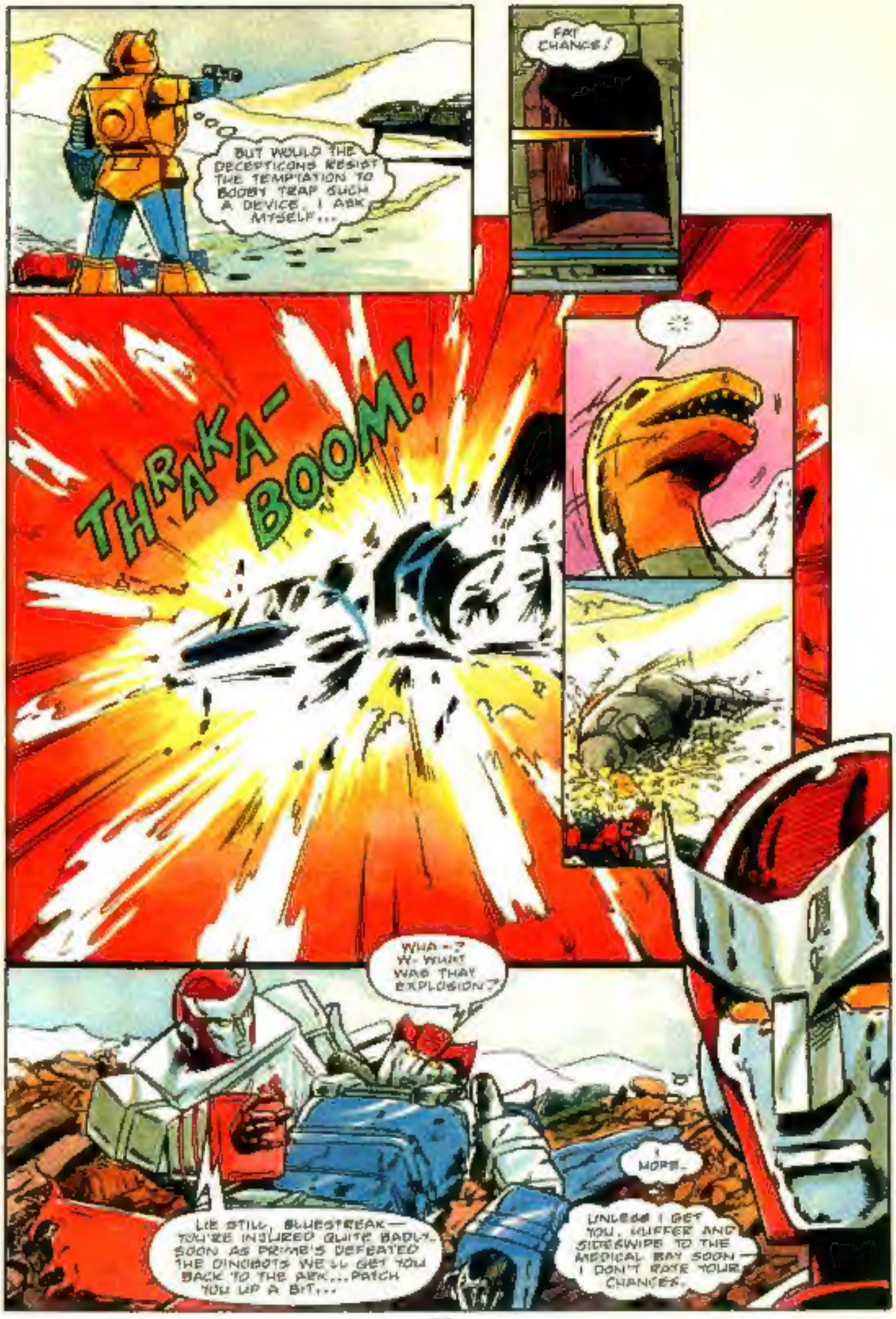
FOR A MOMENT THEY ARE MESMERISED BY THE FEROCITY OF THE BATTLE. THE TASK IN FRONT OF THEM SEEMS INSURMOUNTABLE
BUT THE DYNOBOTS ARE OPTIMUS PRIME'S RESPONSIBILITY - AND HE TAKES NONE OF HIS RESPONSIBILITIES LIGHTLY
THIS MUST BE STOPPED!
RATCHET FIND THE SURVIVORS OF C TEAM. IF ANY ARE FIT TO FIGHT WANT THEM HERE.
BUMBLEBEE
BLUDGE WAS UNDOUBTEDLY THE SIGNAL WE TRACED TO CALIFORNIA. SCOUT AROUND — WISH TO KNOW HOW AND WHY HE CAME TO BE HERE
FEROVL
HOW LONG TILL YOU AND YOUR SHUTTLECRAFT GET HERE?
YES — YES I WILL.
OR I WILL DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!
A MATTER OF MINUTES NOW PRIME CAN YOU KEEP THEM IN THAT LAKE UNTIL THEN?


BUMBLEBEE.
WAIT A SECOND! WHY LOOKING FOR? I'VE GOT EIGHT OTHER SENSES. WHY NOT USE 'EM?
NOTHING!
AUDIO FIELD.
I'M PICKING UP A HIGH LEVEL ENERGY READING FROM SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE. YET THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SEEN FOR MILES. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING. INFRA-RED, HEAT SPECTROSCOPIC ... NOTHING.
COURSE IT MIGHT HELP IF I KNEW WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR.
HMMM... NOTHING ON THE HIGHER WAVELENGTHS.
WH-AAAAH!
SO LET'S GO RIGHT DOWN THROUGH THE BANDS TO SUB-SON C AND SEE --
OOOH MY HEAD! OH WELL, CAN'T COMPLAIN I SUPPOSE — CERTAINLY FOUND SOMETHING!
NOW LET'S SEE IF MY F.E.T.* CAN IDENTIFY WHATEVER'S BROADCASTING THAT SIGNAL
* PORTABLE ENERGY TRACE.
BY THE MATRIX! IT CAN'T BE!

PRIME
HURRY PEOPLE HURRY
CANNOT BE UP HIS PRESSURE FOR AN INSTANT FOR PEOPLE'S PLAN TO WORK THE DINOBOTS MUST STAY WHERE THEY ARE
BUT MY GUN IS WELL PAST THE SAFETY LIMITS I FEAR THAT IF THEY ARE MY HANDS WILL SOON
THROOM!
AI NO CAN'T GIVE UP NOW
IF THE DINOBOTS LEAVE THE WATER
"NOTHING WILL STOP THEM."

PROWL.
THIS IS BAD. LOOKS LIKE IT'S NOW OR NEVER...
AUTO LOCK ON— TRANSFERRING ALL ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS TO OUTER HULL...
WHICH MEANS IT'S TIME I WASN'T HERE!
GHNSK!
SPAKAAASHHHAH!


RRAAAH!
FOR A MOMENT SLUDGE PAUSES. THE ONE HE FOUGHT IS DEFEATED. PERHAPS, HE REASONS WITH GREAT EFFORT, HE SHOULD LIE DOWN AND REST NOW.
BUT — AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE THOUGHT — THE AGONY BEGINS ANEW, MULTIPLYING IN FORCE. A BERSERKER FURY ERUPTS ONCE MORE...
BUMBLEBEE.
THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM.
I HAVE TO ADMIT — THE LAST THING I THOUGHT MY MYSTERIOUS ENERGY SOURCE WOULD TURN OUT TO BE WAS AN AUTOBOT SHUTTLECRAFT.
"ONCE IDENTIFIED, IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO REMOVE THE CLOAKING SCREEN."
"MY SURPRISE AT FINDING THE SHUTTLE WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO FINDING MY FELLOW AUTOBOTS HELD CAPTIVE WITHIN."
"THE PIECES BEGAN TO FALL INTO PLACE WHEN I DISCOVERED THE SONIC LANCE. IT'S A DECEPTICON TOY — VERY NASTY INDEED, IF TUNED PROPERLY IT CAN PLAY HAVOC WITH CEREBRO CIRCUITRY. THE SIMPLE SOLUTION SEEMED TO BE TO TURN IT OFF."


BUT WOULD THE DECEPTICONS RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO BOOBY TRAP SUCH A DEVICE, I ASK MYSELF...
FAT CHANCE!
THRAKA-BOOM!
WHA-? W-WHAT WAS THAT EXPLOSION?
I HOPE...
LIE STILL, BLUESTREAK— YOU'RE INJURED QUITE BADLY. SOON AS PRIME'S DEFEATED THE DINOBOTS WE'LL GET YOU BACK TO THE ARK...PATCH YOU UP A BIT...
UNLESS I GET YOU, HUFFER AND SIDESWIPE TO THE MEDICAL BAY SOON— I DON'T RATE YOUR CHANCES.

SOUNDS AS THOUGH SOMEONE'S TRIPPED THE SURPRISE I DIGGED UP TO THE SONIC LANCE.
YEAH, GOOD NEWS IN ONE RESPECT. BUT WITHOUT THE CONSTANT AGGRAVATION KEEPING THE DINOBOT GOING, IT'LL BE INSTANT FREAKSVILLE.
I FEEL IT IS TIME WE TOOK OUR LEAVE. WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED ALL THAT WE SET OUT TO DO AND MORE. MAYHEM, DESTRUCTION, AUTO BOT CASUALTIES ... MOST SATISFYING.
AND THE FUEL WE HAVE STOLEN FROM THIS FACILITY IS AN UNEXPECTED BONUS.
HEAR ME, AUTOBOTS...
YOUR DINOBOT-HUNT IS OVER, AND ONCE MORE IT IS THE DECEPTICONS WHO EMERGE TRIUMPHANT!
HE HEARS THE WORDS AND UNDERSTANDS.
A CHOKING RAGE RISES WITHIN HIM... HE STIFLES IT INSTANTLY.
HE KNOWS THAT UNTIL THEIR INJURED ARE REPAIRED THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION OF REPRISALS. THIS DAY BELONGS TO THE DECEPTICONS.
AND HE DOESN'T LIKE THAT ONE LITTLE BIT.
NEXT: SHOOTING STAR!